Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS NOVEMBER 5, 1949

NOV 7 '49

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY GREENEVILLE TENN 40-7-22

SR 9/23/50 TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY GREENEVILLE TENN 40-7-13

THE FRENCH ART SHOWS:

m Paris

IRALL SOBY

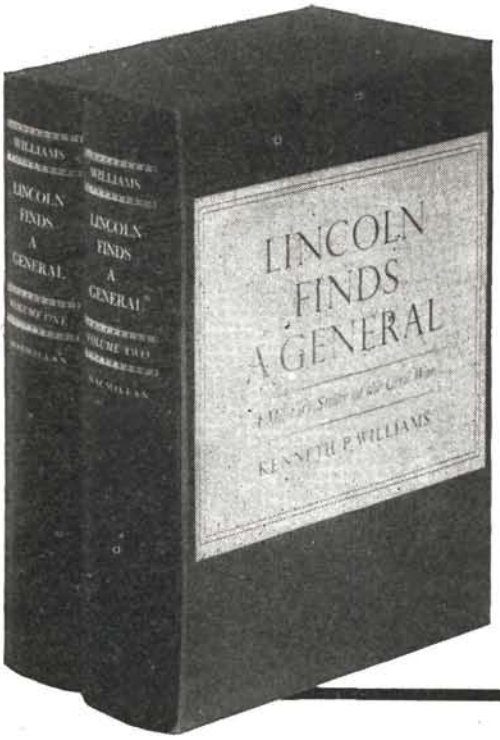
rts, page 30)

Eleanor Roosevelt, author of "This I Remember." (See page 12)

In Defense of Talk

By DIXON WECTER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A monumental contribution to Civil War History...

Here is a vast, panoramic military history of the Civil War—the first two breath-taking volumes of a four-volume work unparalleled in Civil War literature. An expert says, "There has never been anything like this book... (it is) staggering." *Nearly 1,000 pages, 47 maps, unforgettable photographs by Mathew Brady.* $12.50

LINCOLN Finds a General

By KENNETH P. WILLIAMS

Pioneer drama!

The author of *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner* tells of two treacherous "short-cuts" to the California gold fields, and of the emigrants who followed them. She also tells what it's like to follow the same trails—100 years later—in a jeep. $3.75

Prairie Schooner Detours

By IRENE D. PADEN

Adventure in Siam...

Fascinating, amusing, exciting story of how Alexander MacDonald founded a newspaper in Siam, amid difficulties, dangers and dramatic political events. A lively picture of an exotic little kingdom, and of a likeable American newspaperman. $3.00

Bangkok Editor

By ALEXANDER MacDONALD

G. B. Stern at her most delightful...

The author of *The Matriarch, The Ugly Dachshund,* and *Trumpet Voluntary* shares her thoughts on books, animals, pictures, famous people she has known, the theatre, places she has lived in and loved, and other lively subjects. A rich book of wisdom, reminiscence, and self-revelation—the generous outpouring of a unique personality. $3.50

Benefits Forgot

By G. B. STERN

A great poet fully revealed...

Herself a poet of great distinction and winner of a Pulitzer Prize, Marya Zaturenska writes a fascinating new biography of one of the greatest woman poets. It reveals the intense inner drama of Christina Rossetti's life, and her relation to the Pre-Raphaelite artists and writers. A remarkably sustained, beautifully written volume. $4.00

Christina Rossetti

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

At all bookstores THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

November 5, 1949

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien
After Sketches from Life

Article

PAGE

IN DEFENSE OF TALK
By Dixon Wecter..... 9

Reviews

THIS I REMEMBER
Reviewed by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr....12

F. D. R.—MY BOSS
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels.....14

STAFFORD CRIPPS
Reviewed by Dexter Perkins.....14

COUSINS AND COMMISSARS
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe.....15

SOVIET GOLD
Reviewed by Martin Ebon.....16

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones.17

THE CRY AND THE COVENANT
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller.....18

THE PRIMITIVE
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst....19

THE WOMAN OF ROME
Reviewed by Siegfried Mandel.....19

THIS I SAW
Reviewed by Walter Pach.....32

IN OUR IMAGE
Reviewed by Pierre van Paassen.....33

ARCHITECTURE AND THE SPIRIT OF MAN
Reviewed by William Lescaze.....34

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY CRYPT.....18

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....22

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....26

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....30

LITERARY I. Q.....34

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....38

THE NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....39

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 815.....42

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum; Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 45, November 5, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue, Copyright 1949 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

MARGARET MEAD
author of
Coming of Age in Samoa, etc.

REBECCA WEST calls this "a vast, turbulent book, stuffed with facts .... Margaret Mead is a genius of the prophetic sort."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Male and Female

A Study of the Sexes in a Changing World

The brilliant climax to Margaret Mead's 24 years as an anthropologist . . . a frank, human approach to the normal problems of growing up in the United States: what it is to be a male, what it is to be a female.

N. Y. TIMES: "Dr. Mead's book has done her own culture an important service. It has come to grips with the cold war between the sexes and has shown the basis of a lasting sexual peace."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW: "A book of great importance to thoughtful Americans."

$5.00 at all bookstores.

MORROW

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

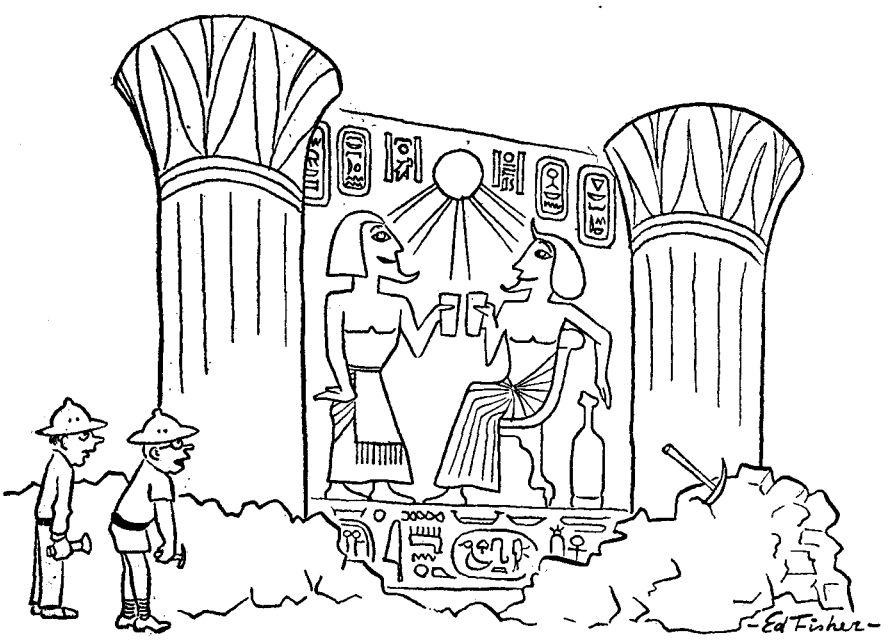
TRADE Winds

DARNED IF THE book-fair craze hasn't descended upon us again, despite all my protestations about the shocking waste of time, energy, and expense involved. Book fairs can only succeed, I've cried, when they represent a community effort, with not one store or one newspaper as sponsor, but the whole town behind them—like the one in Dallas, for example. A passel of authors on the hoof may have been a novelty in the days of the Model T, I've insisted, but when the entire country can see or hear authors every night on radio and TV, getting angry on "Author Meets the Critics," or revealing their ignorance on quiz shows, or competing on lady commentators' programs with commercials for floor wax and panty girdles, the thrill of rubbing elbows with them in local emporiums is definitely gone.

So what happens? More book fairs in a single month than we've had in the past five years put together. Just goes to show my influence! Not only that, but, weak-willed dolt that I am, I appeared at three of them myself, and persuaded Whitney Darrow, Jr., to accompany me. Furthermore, I must admit we had a mighty fine time. Anne Udin, of Higbee's in Cleveland; Mary Welch, of Hudson's in Detroit, and Joe Estabrook, of Horne's in Pittsburgh, are not only three of our most important customers, but among the best-loved and most persuasive characters in the industry. Besides, it was mostly *their* time, energy, and expense. Thirty-six—count them, thirty-six—authors in all heeded their siren song and went through their paces like good soldiers. . . .

I MUST SAY that the three stores involved in the fair went all out to make it a success. Lavish window displays and bold newspaper ads gave the populace full advance notice of the goings-on, and when said populace failed occasionally exactly to fight its way into the auditoriums, the faithful clerks took up the slack and applauded until their little hands were calloused and sore. The trimmings in Pittsburgh were particularly impressive. Never have I seen books more attractively presented. If only they could have kept the displays intact through the holiday shopping season! . . .

WHITNEY DARROW'S reaction to the hectic doings was illuminating. He never had done this sort of thing, he protested, and knew he would bungle it. "I'll draw a few cartoons from my new album, 'Please Pass the Hostess,' but I'm darned if I do any talking," he threatened. After three days' exposure to obviously delighted audiences, however, he was lapping up the excitement so avidly that he demanded an extension of the tour to Hackensack, Tenafly, and Passaic. . . . Whitney, Senior, had broken his habitual silence long enough to tell me how his son had met his destined bride. She was running the "Goings-On About Town" department for *The New Yorker* magazine when Young Darrow spied her and demanded of some underling (Harold Ross possibly), "What's the name of that attractive girl?" "Middy," was the answer. "How's that?" said Whitney. "Middy," repeated his informer, "as in blouse." So for three weeks Whitney wooed her in the belief that her name was Middy Asinblouse. . . . I told this story in Cleveland and it got such a laugh that Whitney promptly demanded it for himself in Detroit and Pittsburgh. . . . I must admit he gave me one in return. Seems Mr. Darrow, Senior, took time off from his labors at Scribner's one day to send his son a typewritten letter of advice. It was six pages long, single spaced. Mr. Darrow signed it "Yours in haste." . . .



"According to the inscription, Papyrus 100-proof was preferred by men of distinction."

ANNE FORD, Little, Brown's glamour girl, was in Cleveland to shepherd Wilma Perkins, the charming editress of the latest edition of that perennial best seller "The Fannie Farmer Cook Book," and she told a couple of delectable stories of the honeymoon of her sister Margaret with the erudite and well-loved John Kieran. It seems that a few hours after their nuptials, John heard a sound in the distance, and burst from the room. He was gone for all of a half hour. Upon returning he explained happily, "My dear, I'd have recognized that call anywhere, though I haven't heard it in years. It was a hairy woodpecker!" Margaret reported ruefully, "I'll bet I'm the only bride in America who was deserted on her wedding night for a hairy woodpecker!" . . . Later in the week Margaret heard a mouse scampering across the floor in the adjoining room. No mouse lover she, she screamed loudly and begged John to go and dispatch it. When he returned she looked at him suspiciously and asked, "John, did you kill that mouse?" "I simply couldn't do it, dear," he admitted. "The mouse turned out to be pregnant!" . . .

IN DETROIT, Alice and Martin Provensen, as attractive a couple as I've met in ages, drew pictures from their stunning new "Fireside Cook Book," Captain Edward Ellsberg recalled stories about the Navy, Ernestine Cary reminisced about the fabulous family she made famous in "Cheaper by the Dozen," and Dr. Norman Peale told all about confident living while a thousand enamored ladies cooed with delight. . . . Our day also

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thank you, Mr. Taylor*

A recent unsolicited letter from Richard Taylor, the noted New Yorker cartoonist, tells the Marboro story better than we ever could. It reads in part...

***Marboro appears as an organization of self-denying angels intent solely upon providing mental provender of high degree for all those struggling souls who thirst after the things of the spirit. Your service is a godsend to anyone interested in building up a good library of books to be read and re-read again and again.**

With an appreciative nod to Mr. Taylor for his kind words and delightful illustration, we are pleased to present

more marboro BARGAINS

savings of 25% to 80% on books you want

26. VON GOGH PORTFOLIO Imp. from France. An outstanding collection of full-color reproductions that capture all the fire and feeling of the immortal Van Gogh originals. 10 individually mounted plates on 6" x 8¼" mats. Easily framed—perfect for group arrangement. Includes SUNFLOWERS, BRIDGE AT ARLES, BOATS AT SAINT-MARIES. **.98**

238. AMERICAN INTERIOR DESIGN *The traditions and development of domestic design from colonial times to the present,* fully described with biographical notes, glossary. 235 beautiful halftones and colored illustrations of fine furniture, glassware, silver, rugs, entire rooms and buildings from every period of American history. 309 glossy pages. Exquisitely printed, impressively boxed. 8½" x 14¼". This Original Edition published at $20.00 NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME SPECIALLY PRICED AT..... **5.88**

12. ROUAULT A superb collection of the work of one of the truly great artists of our time. Contains 34 full-page (10½" x 14") plates —10 in glorious full-color. Text by Edward Alden Jewell with an introd. by Georges Rouault, himself. Includes CHRIST WITH ARMS RAISED, THE OLD KING, CRUCIFIXION, THE WOUNDED CLOWN, etc. An inspiring Christmas gift. *Only* **2.39**

179. L'ILLUSTRATION: CHRISTMAS 1948 The most recent Christmas ILLUSTRATION at a greatly reduced price. Magnificent full-color reproductions fill this superb periodical. Sections on *Art in China, The Paintings of the Nativity in the Limousines Enamels, French Christmas* and other delightful art subjects. *Only* **1.98**

121. THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY By H. G. Wells. The most famous book of history ever written. This revised, enlarged and completely up-to-date edition gives the whole dramatic story of mankind from cave days through World War II—complete in one giant, unabridged vol More than 1300 pages, 200 maps and illustrations. *Only* **2.95**

105. WINNIE-THE-POOH PACKAGE. *For children three to seven.* SNEEZLES, THE KING'S BREAKFAST, CHRISTOPHER ROBIN'S OLD SAILOR, three books crammed full of delightful A. A. Milne characters. Each profusely illustrated with charming drawings by E. H. Shepard. Complete set of three volumes for only **.98**

48. THE GOLDEN BOUGH By Sir James G. Frazer. In one 752-page volume, the eminent author compresses the great wealth of facts on magic, folklore, religion, and primitive customs that made his twelve-volume set world famous. Originally $5 00. *Now only* **2.95**

82. THE WILD PARTY By Joseph Moncure March. Louis Untermeyer in the introd. writes, "This is one of the most rapidly moving, vividly projected, highly exciting manuscripts I have read in years. It is brutal, cynical, ugly, sensational—but so is the milieu with which it deals." Illus. with devastating force by Steele Savage. *Now* **1.98**

194. COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS *The standard guide to classic and modern ballets.* By Cyril W. Beaumont. Covers every phase of the ballet from 1800 to the present day. Complete stories of 200 of the most famous 19th and 20th century ballets with themes given in detail. 900 pages. 95 full-page plates. The perfect gift for any balletomane. *Only* **2.98**

64. RENOIR By Marcel Zahar. An exquisite gallery of the artist's finest work at an unbelievably low price. Contains 102 plates, 5 in authentic full-color plus a critical study in English and a bibliography. A gift any art-lover will treasure. Published at $3.00. SPECIAL **1.29**

156. AMERICAN ART TODAY A portfolio of 16 outstanding paintings by leading contemporary American artists. Each of the 11" x 15" prints is beautifully collotyped on finest quality paper ready for immediate framing. These brilliant examples of American Art were originally published to sell for $5.00. A limited supply now available at a fraction of their cost. *Only* **1.98**

7. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART PORTFOLIO Eight prints from the collection of the New York Metropolitan Museum of art. Each 13½" x 10¼" full-color plate faithfully recreates a world-acclaimed masterpiece in all its original splendor. Paintings by Bruegel, Degas, Titian, Daumier, Manet, Levine, Mount, Sassetta. **.98**

216. THE WELL OF LONELINESS By Radclyffe Hall. The poignant story of a woman, masculine by nature, who developed into maturity in accordance with that nature. Sensitively presented for the mature reader. *Only* **1.49**

133. PORTRAIT OF LATIN AMERICA *As seen by her printmakers.* A magnificent collection of over 150 etchings, lithographs, engravings and woodcuts by the most noted artists of 18 countries. Includes Orozco, Rivera, Acuna, Siqueiros, etc. Simultaneous English and Spanish text. Intro. by Jean Charlot. Published at $5.00 *Only* **1.59**

FREE GIFT WRAPPING: We'll attractively gift-wrap these books for you and ship them to anyone you desire. If desired, we will stamp your package "Do Not Open 'til Christmas" and enclose a handsome gift card.

MARBORO BOOKS, Dept. SR5
117 E. 24 St., New York 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please rush me, postage prepaid, the book bargains I have circled below.

☐ Enclosed find $____ ☐ Please send C.O.D.____

7 12 26 48 64 82 105
121 133 156 238 179 194 216

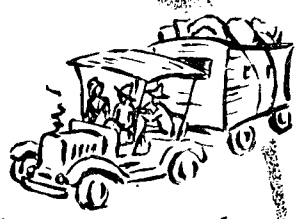
Name_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 15¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and 20% on orders paid in devalued currency. GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return books after ten-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Coming NOV. 28th

A new novel by

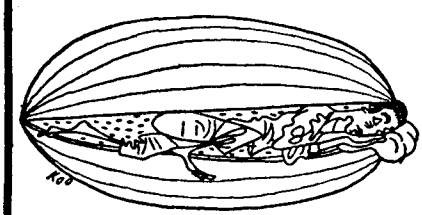
BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

- whose SRL articles, "Wanted: New Gods" and "Little Men of Literature" have been a storm center of literary controversy.
- whom Oliver St. John Gogarty calls "Greatest living interpreter of American life."
- who has, in the words of Harry Hansen, created "another unforgettable character—Captain Asa, one of the little fellows we can't crowd out of life's chronicle." Make a date to meet him, in . . .

Everywhere I Roam

Place your order with your bookseller now. $3

DOUBLEDAY



"Sleeping in those beds was like crawling into the heart of a watermelon"

• It happened to David Dodge, in his epic misadventures through South America. The author of *How Lost Was My Weekend* and *How Green Was My Father* again takes you touring in a way Baedeker never dreamed of. And the illustrations by Irv Koons are just as funny.

The Crazy Glasspecker

by **DAVID DODGE**

At all bookstores, $2.75
RANDOM HOUSE

was enlivened by lunch with Malcolm Bingay, and a quick one with Charlie Hughes at the famous Detroit Athletic Club. . . . It was here that we heard of the nimble-witted automobile magnate who received a fine ham as a present and murmured, "Thanks, I'll smoke it later"; also of the bookseller who complained, "Radical books sell so poorly now that with every copy I have to give an extra pair of pamphlets." . . .

IN PITTSBURGH, I met Will Rogers, Jr., who looks and acts like his father and has the same charm. And there was Grace Tully, whom I had seen last at the White House, out to speak about her absorbing new book, "F. D. R.—My Boss." This was her very first speech, and, incredibly enough, the lady who had handled the likes of Churchill, De Gaulle, and Molotov with calm and authority was nervous as a babe. (Like Whitney Darrow, Jr., however, she learned fast; when I heard her going through her paces some days later at Macy's she had the *sang-froid* of a Clare Boothe Luce.) . . . Pierre Van Paassen, author of "Why Jesus Died," told of a black day in Paris in 1940 when two Nazi officers appeared suddenly at the door of his apartment and turned him out unceremoniously. "But my books?" asked Van Paassen. "Raus!" cried the Nazis. "We'll keep the books—and everything else." That's the last Van Paassen saw of his precious volumes until he visited Easton, Pennsylvania, for a lecture engagement a few short weeks ago. There, in the public library, arrived by what means he knows not, were 700 books from his old collection, with his bookplate still pasted in them! . . .

BERNIE SHEA, retired merchandise manager of the Joseph Horne Company, told me an apocryphal tale of how Joe Estabrook first latched on to his job there. "It was over twenty years ago," recalls Shea. "We needed a new book buyer and I heard there was a young ball of fire in Baltimore named Estabrook, so I went down to investigate. He impressed me very favorably. What's more important, however, is that when I left him I went out to the races at Laurel with Mr. Woodward, of Woodward & Lothrop's in Washington. Suddenly I noticed that a horse named First Edition was entered in the second race, and the odds against him were 40 to 1. 'I just talked to a book fellow,' I told Woodward. 'It's a hunch, and I'm going to play it.' 'Save your shekels,' begged Woodward. 'That

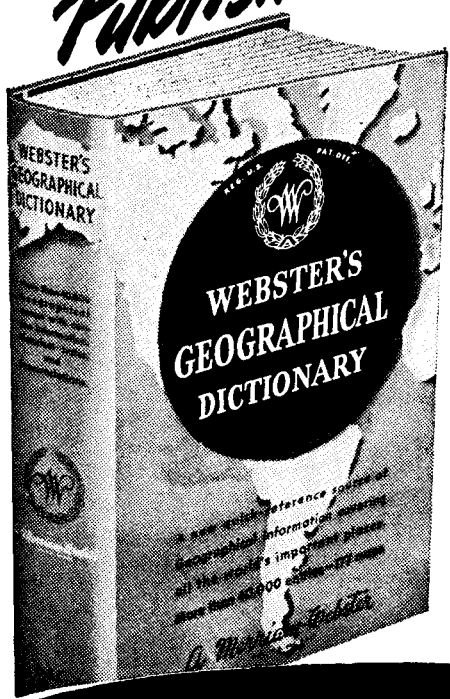
nag will bark all the way around the track and probably won't finish till next Wednesday.' Nevertheless, I bet First Edition to win, and he came in in a breeze. I went straight to a telegraph office and wired Estabrook, 'The job is yours!' " . . .

READING ABOUT all the trades the baseball magnates are supposed to be engineering set some of us to musing on how nice it would be if publishers could swap balky authors the same way. Can't you see the headlines: "Gunther to Doubleday for Kenneth Roberts and $100,000 in Cash," or "Viking Mulls Offering Steinbeck and Half Its Juvenile Department for Marquand and a Couple of Promising Young Mystery Writers"? . . . An author who had just built a new home in Indianapolis, but outraged a Bobbs-Merrill director by kicking about his advertising appropriation might receive a wire saying, "You have been sold to Dutton's. Report to Nick Wreden Monday morning." . . . Johnny Farrar could tell a young author, "Judging by the reviews, you're not quite ready for the big time yet. I'm sending you down to the Siwash University Press for a little seasoning. Get just one book-club selection there, and I'll bring you right back." . . . And best of all, he could add, "As for that agent who nicked me for a three-thousand-dollar advance when he touted you so highly, I'm releasing *him* unconditionally to Squeedunk in the Class D League!"

—BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published!



A New Quick-Reference Source of Geographical Information

Webster's Geographical Dictionary

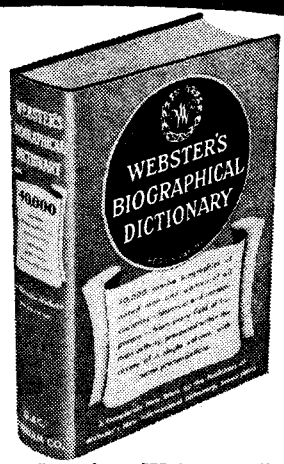
THE greatest fund of geographical information ever presented in a single volume. More than 40,000 of the world's important places are listed in alphabetical order with concise information, historical notes, and pronunciations. 177 maps newly made for this book include 24 full-page maps in color. 126 useful tables cover ranges of the Alps, national parks, dams, etc., etc. All incorporated cities and towns in the United States and Canada with 1500 or more population are included. For every home and office this is an invaluable quick-reference source of information on all the world's important places so essential to a clear understanding of the vital news of the day. 1352 pages bound in handsome buckram; stamped in gold; sprinkled edges; colored end papers illustrating types of map projection. Size of volume 7 x 10 x 2 inches; with thumb index. $8.50.

3 Special Merriam-Webster Dictionaries for Office and Home Use

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In This Single Volume Are Quick-Reference Facts About 40,000 Noted Men and Women in Every Field . . . Historical and Contemporary

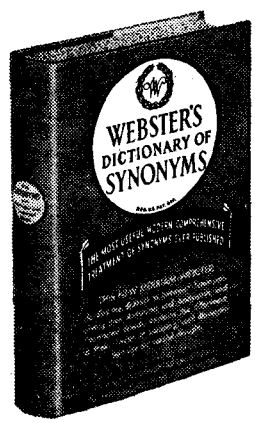
WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY



PREPARED by the famed Merriam-Webster editorial staff, this is the most inclusive one-volume biographical work ever published. Its 40,000 concise biographies give pronunciation of names and all essential facts required for quick reference use. Included are scientists, statesmen, generals, rulers, explorers, writers, painters, actors, radio personalities, and eminent figures from every other field of activity. 1,730 pages, with thumb index. $7.50.

An Essential Tool for Every Writer and Speaker

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY *of* SYNONYMS



THE book to help you use the right word in the right place. Prepared by the famed Merriam-Webster editorial staff. Clarifies the distinctions between Synonyms, giving their Antonyms and Analogous and Contrasted Words, explains the differences in their shades of meaning, and illustrates usage by classic and contemporary writers. Alphabetical listing and cross-indexing of every entry. 944 pages, bound in tan library buckram; thumb index. $5.00.

See these dictionaries at your bookseller's or stationer's or write for further information to

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS., Dept. 304

Publishers of Famed Merriam-Webster Dictionaries for Over 100 Years

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Mason Brown's

delightfully humorous, warmly moving and wisely understanding book

Morning Faces

A BOOK OF
CHILDREN AND PARENTS

Delightfully illustrated by SUSANNE SUBA

SECOND LARGE PRINTING

$2.50

"Poignant, hilarious, realistic and refreshing . . . it is enlivened by as keen a wit as you will find in our day."—ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*

"I should be sorry for any reader of MORNING FACES who could not laugh; but I should be sorrier still for the reader unmoved at one point or another to the verge of tears . . . It moves agreeably in and out of the light of humor and the shadow of philosophy."
—DAVID MCCORD, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"All the unsmudged delight of childhood is in this book."—*Des Moines Register Tribune*

Hartzell Spence's

delightful new book

The author of ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN tells how the Spences met the pitfalls of "happy country life" on a ramshackle old Virginia plantation. "A completely enjoyable book, written with humor, insight and obvious pleasure."
—*Richmond Times Dispatch*

"It covers a lot of territory . . . Contentment with simple things . . . a sermon without sermonizing . . . humor, human understanding."
—BESS STREETER ALDRICH

Illustrated • $3.00

Happily Ever After

THIRD LARGE PRINTING

Elisabeth Ogilvie's

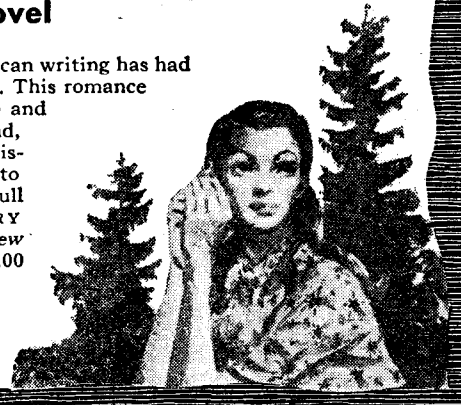
absorbing new novel

Rowan Head

by the author of
STORM TIDE
and HIGH TIDE AT NOON

A Selection of the People's Book Club

"It is long since American writing has had so Brontë-like a novel. This romance is one with *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*, and, like its predecessors, displays the same power to keep the drama in full suspense." — HENRY BESTON, *Saturday Review of Literature* $3.00



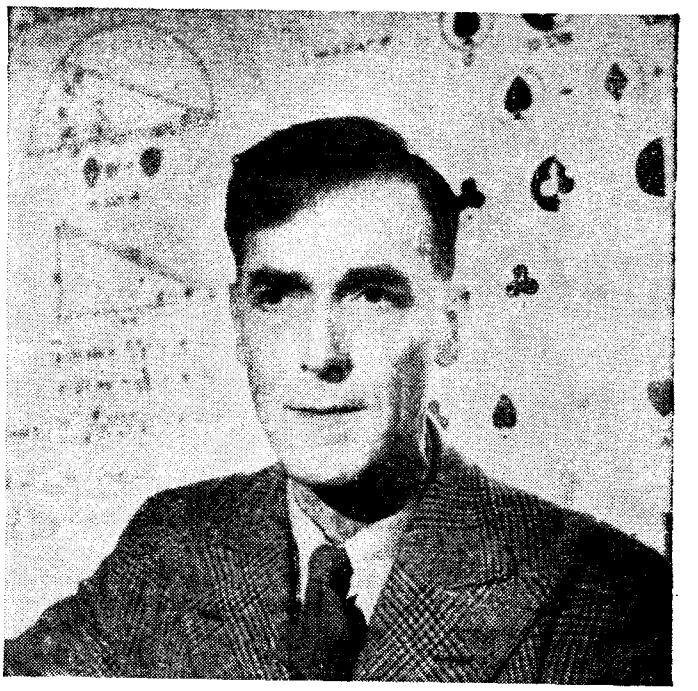
At all bookstores **WHITTLESEY HOUSE** A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 18

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

In Defense of Talk

DIXON WECTER



Lancelot Hogben: ". . . men can be bedfellows in a common grave, or co-partners in a common prosperity."

MAN'S experiment of living with man on this contracting planet is mainly a problem in communication. Most of us believe that men of good will outnumber bad, that in a world where the democratic will were everywhere felt—based upon free and truthful information, of the sort which the OWI used to call "peoples speaking to peoples"—war would become not merely improbable but impossible. War itself might be described as the complete breakdown of communication between two or more governments, usually after lines of discussion and dispute over conflicting interests have grown more and more fouled up. So at last they have nothing to exchange but death, no way to communicate their opinions of each other save by recrimination, bullets, bombs, radioactive gases, and botulinum toxins.

Almost without exception the channels of diplomacy have been the first to clog, while the last, of course, are those buried pipe-lines called espionage. Both of these by-paths in communication are far more traditional than the broad avenue of peoples speaking to peoples. In earlier times this intercourse between peoples would have struck great technical snags. Beyond bars of language, barriers of time and space and the lack of proper media remained. Before finding themselves at war few citizens of any nation had much contact with or understanding of their supposed enemies—their traditions, habits, daily life, superstitions, opinions, ingrained prejudices. Up to the modern technological revolution, most nations even in peace were hedged willy-nilly by an iron curtain of sorts, through which only slow outlets of trade and travel and the formal doorway of diplomacy permitted passage.

But telecommunications have changed all that, at least in theory. While quick individual access by voice or in person has been spread around the globe by telephone and plane, mass communication through radio, television, film, teletype, and telephoto not only has lent man the gift of ubiquitous presence but can put him in instant touch with his neighbors at the antipodes. Greenwich is now obsolete in the sphere of communications; there is only one world time. Here, as in other fields of science, the instruments stand ready. The engineers have made possible a cosmic pool of cultural exchange, education, and accord between groups —awaiting only the proper authority and the practical imagination to create it. How peoples can really speak to peoples, without distortion or suppression by their governments or party leaders whose strategy of self-perpetuation is to shield ignorance and heighten tension, is the toughest problem. (Problems of political technique and moral leadership are, to the modern mind, harder than those of engineering.) Who can rightly speak for a hundred million or two hundred million citizens? How can the collective mind and will be read and fairly reported? These are knotty questions, but not insoluble if the answers are sought by the light of universal literacy and franchise, extensions of the area of democratic action, a free press and radio, a more effective UNESCO, and a bolder commitment to world federation. Certainly this way peace lies, rather than along the back roads of non-communication—including censorship, jamming of the air waves, burning of books, morbid fear of alien propaganda, or inquisition into the heresy of geneticists and the deviation of scholars always suspect by the timorous of plotting to commit some *trahison des clercs*.

A British student of language, William Empson, remarks that Americans fear propaganda because it claims to be "a scientific machine." Revering both science and the machine—a cult, by the way, shared with the Russians —, we distrust our ability to stand up to its superhuman efficiency. Hence, speculates Mr. Empson, our "curiously girlish attitude" toward the magician of propaganda, as if to say, "Don't let him come near me, because if he does I'm sure to fall." Perhaps it is truer to say that in the United States the tradition of high-pressure advertising leaves some folk fearful that ideas no less than soap can be sold in this way—though the more logical deduction (to which growing numbers of Americans now subscribe) would seem to be the need for producing a better brand of soap and telling the world no less persuasively. Congress and the state legislatures still have their quota of nervous Nellies, but the American people as a whole have matured considerably since the days of A. Mitchell Palmer and the Lusk Committee. The prevailing good sense of the American

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

temper today—shown most recently in President Truman's sober disclosure of an atomic explosion in Russia, in Lilienthal's superb statesmanship as spokesman for the Atomic Energy Commission, and in the public response to these utterances—has been in heartening contrast to the calculated hysteria of the Soviet press and officialdom. For, despite occasional exceptions like our Parnell Thomases and Hickenloopers, and a few newspapers and commentators whose favorite incantation is "Flash!," the American majority has gone beyond the tribal threshold of those New Guinea peoples described by Margaret Mead, among whom "communication is seen primarily as a matter of arousing the emotions of the audience."

ON THE other hand, while approving the calmness of our citizens in a season of peril far more real than the Red scare of 1919—when, if there was a Bolshevik under every bed, at least he was equipped with nothing worse than a nitroglycerine bomb—one can't help wishing that clear heads and informed minds were accompanied by a more bracing sense of personal concern. Again I am tempted to quote Miss Mead, who in a 1948 symposium called "The Communication of Ideas" shrewdly observed that in the USA "the average citizen still identifies his position as a minority one, and so always thinks of power as wielded by THEM, and not by himself or a group to which he belongs. All discussions . . . are likely to stumble over this feeling, that responsibility means power, and power is always in the hands of someone else." Will one measly vote, one letter to a Congressman, one dollar for organized opinion that represents my views, make any difference? We are too easily persuaded to inaction by a-drop-in-the-bucket mass psychology.

And there are other deterrents. Experts at Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research talk (with a touch of jargon) about "the narcotizing dysfunction produced by mass media of communication." So unceasing is the stream of news, so mighty its torrent, that the reader and listener—frequently the most informed and intelligent—is made numb or callous rather than energized by this over-stimulus. He *knows* and is prone to accept that fact somehow as a substitute for action. This is the old neurosis of Hamlet, momentarily paralyzed by the violence and terror of a world he never made, at last breaking through the circle of his own bemused thought too late to avert the tragic destiny whose approach he has watched with fascination. In the sphere of communications those who read a current book or newspaper or pamphlet, or happen to hear a particular broadcast, compose a completely accidental, unorganized, and scattered group momentarily under the spur of the same words, images, ideas. But seldom do they achieve any intercommunication, any step toward leadership or action—a rare exception, for instance, being certain readers years ago of Streit's "Union Now." And as a still more obvious kind of atrophy, mass communication like mass production can turn out stereotypes—labels serving for ideas, concepts foggily recalled as equivalents for individual thinking, conclusions accepted drowsily in lieu of personal responsibility. It is clear that mass communication, even the most truthful and informed, cannot alone remake either the republic or the world. The public response must be alert, intelligent, articulate, through media ready and sensitive to that purpose.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Five centuries after Gutenberg the printed page still can only suggest motion.

THE whole question of mass communication, particularly as a means toward war or peace, is naturally enmeshed with government. In a democracy, as Harold Lasswell has said, the consensus represents an agreement, at least in general terms, between the expert or specialist whose business is to know down to the last complex detail, the statesman whose job is to simplify and explain, and the average citizen whose duty is rational decision, before turning back to the statesman for effective leadership. If wide breaks occur in this transmission chain—as the result of distrust, cynicism, concealment of the truth out of political expediency, or apathy—then democracy fails. Otherwise this system ought to generate enough light and power for intelligent public opinion and concerted action. Yesterday in Hitler's Germany, today in Stalin's Russia, mass communication has meant nothing but another handout wrapped in a neat Party package, with no scruples wasted over the practice of suppression, distortion, and fabrication. Even in Perón's Argentina—where the act of criticizing or disparaging any Government official has lately been made a crime—I observed on a visit last month to Buenos Aires that one General Mende holds the title of Chief of Police and Culture. Such a corner on communications serves only to raise the American blood pressure.

Nevertheless, in the United States the growth of Government concern for and participation in the field of mass communication seems likely, in fact inevitable. Here, as in other fields, laissez faire rarely means liberty or the public interest. A monopolistic bloc has long been building up under the hand of private enterprise, in the radio, cinema, and newspaper industries—thanks mainly to the financial and technical demands that surround big operations. So the Federal authority, while evoking antitrust laws from time to time to keep the currents of competition moving through this log-jam, may itself have to assume more responsibility in paying the research bills for new enterprises and techniques. It will also have to take permanent charge of those vital but unprofitable sectors of mass communication which fail to attract private enterprise—notably overseas broadcasting.

People who recoil from govern-

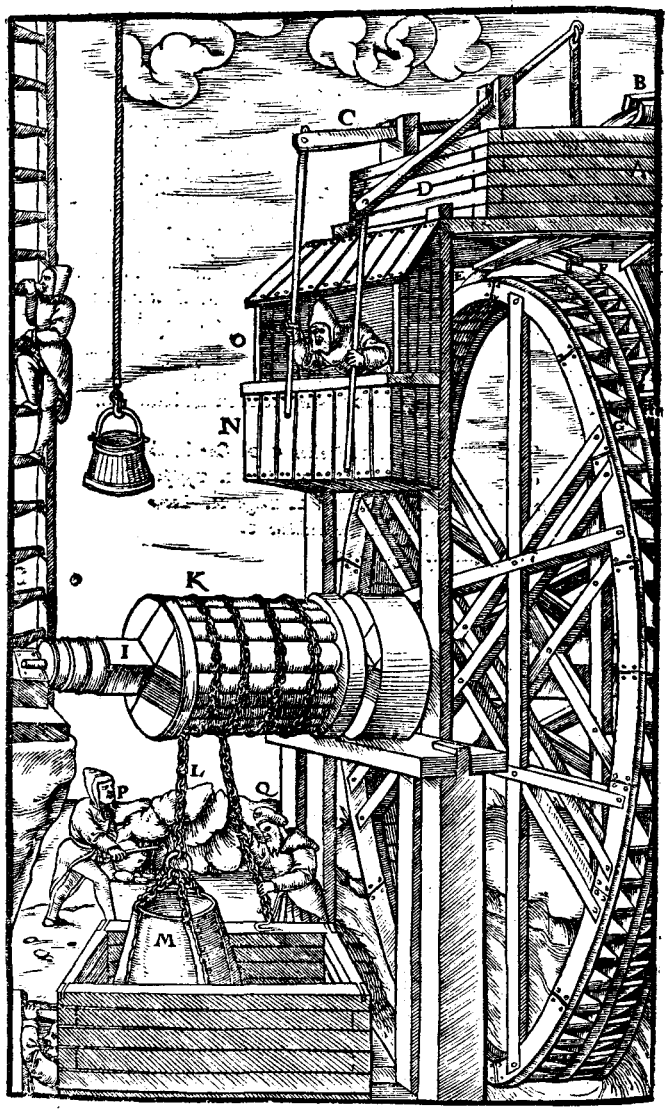
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment activity in the sphere of mass communication are as narrow-minded as those who fear private enterprise. Both can be misused; both can pull in the same harness with good effect upon each other. What matters is the given job to be done. No less a part of the true democratic process than the hoped-for interplay of information and opinion between nations is that of governments speaking to their own peoples—as the antiphony of peoples speaking to their government through ballots, letters, and telegrams. Two years ago the Committee on the Freedom of the Press said sensibly: "We recommend that the Government, through the media of mass communication, inform the public of the facts with respect to its policies and of the purposes underlying these policies and that, to the extent that private agencies of mass communication are unable or unwilling to supply such media to the Government, the Government itself may employ media of its own."

Norbert Wiener's recent book, "Cybernetics"*—treating communications through the novel approach of studying the nervous equilibrium of men and complicated machines in transmitting messages—, supplies a clue to the main hazard involved in our metropolitan culture. He notes that communication in small, closely-knit communities where direct contact exists between the members has a self-regulating stability and inner health absent from larger groups. This happens because in the great society the ruthless, ambitious, and self-aggrandizing immediately try to get a stranglehold upon the means of communication, and use those media to play the game of power. The result throughout the whole communicative web is what someone else has described as apoplexy at the center and paralysis at the extremities. In a land of free competition like the United States it is the entrepreneur who falls naturally into this role; in a monolithic state, the ruling clique. The latter can do more spectacular harm, but the former is by no means innocent.

The latest review of the science of communications—its fumbling evolution for 20,000 years, its brilliant technological spurt in the twentieth century, and its present power to help unify or exterminate the human race—is Lancelot Hogben's "From Cave Painting to Comic Strip: A History of Human Communication."† It is a hastily written but well-illustrated survey of Man as "the only talkative animal" and "only picture-making animal," thus able to pass on experience to his offspring.

The story begins with those paintings of bison and deer by which Aurignacian man wrought charms for good hunting, and the rise of totemism—whose essence, Hogben notes, was fear of committing incest through ignorance with a member of one's own animal clan. The steps forward are simple and logical. Periodic hunting of the sacred tribal beast along with foraging for seasonal food led to systems for keeping time: signs of the zodiac, star-lore, geometry, and the calendar. Computation of sowing and reaping cycles by the rhythms of womanhood and moon time (the lunar year of 360 days) was finally superseded by more precise sun time with 365 days—a change so important as to play a major part, Hogben guesses, in the shift from matriarchal to patriarchal society. End of the nomad era and the dawn of land ownership demanded more durable records, fostering the alphabet and mathematics. Their techniques had vast social consequences. While the complicated sign-writing of China has long served to make literacy the mystery of a caste, contributing no little to the present misery of that great nation, the more practical sound-writing of Semitic origin circa 1500 B. C. held the seed of universal education and democracy. Likewise in the science of numbers, India reached the ultimate simplification by creating ten symbols that included the zero, unknown to Greece and Rome, so that all could assume a value of position as well as absolute value. "The dawn of nothing in the poem of Omar Khayyám is the portent of the birth of Hindu mathematics," writes Hogben with the touch of perceptive wit that has made him a successful popularizer.



Illustrated works like Agricola's "De Re Metallica" [1556] stimulated exchange between scientific theory and practice.

But while counting such milestones in the communicative art as papermaking, printing with movable type (now yielding after five centuries to the superior methods of photographic facsimile), newspaper, film, and television, he forgets such obvious matters as the telegraph and cable, telephone, phonograph, wirephoto, FM, facsimile broadcasting, book clubs, semantics, and the still speculative subject of electronic V-mail (Ultrafax). Hogben's prejudices are frank and breezy—like those against lawyers, monks, the Roman Church, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and certain aspects of our American culture "dominated by the dollar incentive." The last-named thrust seems quaintly outmoded in these days of ERP and the Atlantic Pact. Today there is more dollar-consciousness

(*Continued on page* 36)

*CYBERNETICS. *By Norbert Wiener. New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc.*, 194 *pp.* $3.

†*FROM CAVE PAINTING TO COMIC STRIP: A History of Human Communication. By Lancelot Hogben. New York: Chanticleer Press.* 286 *pp.* $5.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History. *The title of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s "The Age of Jackson" reminded many readers how few men have possessed the qualities that cause their own lifetime to be known by their name. To achieve such immortality a man must hold a prime political office for a considerable time and thus be able to influence the course of history at a critical juncture. In our own nation's past besides Jackson, Washington and Jefferson are so qualified; Lincoln does not make the grade because his time in high office was so brief; Webster and Clay never held exalted enough a post. In this century only one man has given his name to an age: Franklin D. Roosevelt. The two newest additions to the fast-increasing shelf of Rooseveltiana—Eleanor Roosevelt's "This I Remember" and Grace Tully's "F. D. R.—My Boss"—are reviewed below. . . . On page 14 we review a new life of Stafford Cripps.*

A First Lady's Memories

THIS I REMEMBER. By Eleanor Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Bros. 387 pp. $4.50.

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

ONLY once before—in the case of Edith Bolling Wilson's "My Memoir"—has the wife of a President of the United States published in book form her own reminiscences of her husband's Administration. But never before has anyone like Eleanor Roosevelt been a President's wife. And one striking thing about "This I Remember" is that its fascination comes almost less from its sidelights on Franklin D. Roosevelt than from its candid and beguiling revelation of a woman who is in her own right one of the most remarkable figures of our time.

Mrs. Roosevelt has already told part of the story of her life in "This Is My Story" (1937). "This I Remember" carries the story from her husband's convalescence in the early Twenties to his death in 1945. It has the same qualities of honesty, tact, and shrewdness as the earlier book; it has in addition, I believe, a deeper wisdom, drawn from the tragic experience of the last decade; and it applies these qualities less to private affairs than in the earlier volume and more to the great personalities and issues of our day. The result, it need not be said, is a work whose indispensability for the historian can be matched only by its intense interest for the general reader.

What a welter of memories it must have been!—that day in Campobello, so many years ago, when Franklin complained of a chill after a swim; the indecision in 1928 before he decided to run for Governor; the cruel delay at a White House reception while the Hoovers kept the guests standing for a half hour, the crippled Governor of New York determined not to show weakness; the dreary misery of the Depression; the excitements of the war; the visits from crowned heads and from Mr. Churchill; the trips to Britain and to the South Pacific; then that black day in April and the long ride back from Warm Springs—"I lay in my berth all night with the window shade up, looking out at the countryside he had loved and watching the faces of the people at stations, and even at the crossroads, who came to pay their last tribute all through the night."

Yet through this all there emerges, even more clearly than the President, sketched as he is in a variety of intimate moods, a portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt. It is a portrait marked, of course, by the familiar Roosevelt qualities of warmth, humanity, and energy; but it is marked the more particularly by Eleanor Roosevelt's own fantastic quality of self-discipline, and even more by the devastating realism of judgment which hides under her apparently guileless language.

Self-control is the quality Mrs. Roosevelt seems to honor almost above any other. Brought up in a household characterized by a notable lack of it, she seems to have seen in self-discipline the solution to all the major problems of life. "I have a great objection to seeing anyone, particularly anyone whom I care about," she writes, "lose his self-control." Her touching comment on her much loved brother, Hall Roosevelt, discloses her own standards: "Fundamentally, I think Hall always lacked self-control. He had great energy, great physical strength, and great brilliance of mind but he never learned complete self-discipline." In contrast, Mrs. Roosevelt observes with approval of Queen Mary: "I recognized her thoughtfulness of others and the Spartan demands she makes on herself. . . . On the morning I left she was up before nine o'clock to see me off . . . which I thought showed great self-discipline. In the same way she fulfils every obligation of her position." Self-discipline has clearly been the rule of Mrs. Roosevelt's own life.

Now self-discipline involves in part an unswerving respect for the indi-

The FDR's in 1938—"Never before has anyone like Eleanor Roosevelt been a President's wife."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Illustrations from the book.*

With thirteen grandchildren in 1945—"Only a great woman could have written 'This I Remember.'"

viduality of others. It is Mrs. Roosevelt's self-discipline which has allowed her to endure the attacks of the Spellmans and Peglers with equanimity. But it is the same self-discipline—the same determination to be tolerant of others—which has often given her writing an air of foolish benevolence that does little justice to her real saltiness of personality. Actually her ingenuous prose conceals an enormously sharp and practical eye. Take her innocent comment on Henry Wallace's "guru" letters, for example: "I did not know Henry Wallace well, but my feeling was that he had simply been carried away by his intellectual curiosity. He was not realistic enough to appreciate how these letters would look to people who did not have the same kind of curiosity. I think that is one of his chief troubles: he cannot keep his feet on the ground." In the same quasi-naive way she neatly disposes of people as diverse as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Louis Adamic, and Brendan Bracken, puncturing their pretensions in language so tactful and kindly that one wonders whether she knows herself how truly devastating her most open phrases can sometimes be. What has happened perhaps is that Mrs. Roosevelt's self-discipline has transmuted without really blunting a sensibility as keen as that of her witty cousin Mrs. Longworth.

"This I Remember" gives special attention to the episodes in Mrs. Roosevelt's career which have especially exercised her critics. Her chapter on the American Youth Congress polishes off the Communists with dispatch and ends with one of her typical sleeper remarks: "I think my work with the American Youth Congress was of infinite value to me in understanding some of the tactics I have had to meet in the United Nations." She characterizes her Office of Civil Defense experience with commendable frankness as "unfortunate." She reaffirms her affection for Louis Howe and expresses in contrast a somewhat measured evaluation of Harry Hopkins. Hopkins's café-society proclivities in his last years evidently disappointed Mrs. Roosevelt, who preferred him as a simple social worker. Her account of the 1940 convention supplies the most authoritative story of the third-term decision.

At times, it must be said, the book seems shaped overmuch by the requirements of the women's magazines. From the viewpoint of one who regards one Churchill (or Attlee) as worth all the crowned heads of Europe, there is an inordinate amount of detail about visiting royalty. And, on the other hand, the book is surprisingly vague in its picture of Washington and of the New Deal. Mrs. Roosevelt had close connections with the New York machine politicians, like Ed Flynn and Jim Farley, and with the social-worker group in WPA and in the Labor Department; but she seems not to have had much interest in the young New Dealers. Tom Corcoran, for example, is mentioned once, in a curious coupling with Raymond Moley, Stanley High, and Bill Bullitt, as being one of several people who were close to the President for a time but did not mean much to him. Such a dismissal (not to speak of such a coupling) hardly does justice to Corcoran's great services to Roosevelt in his second term; but Corcoran was clearly not Mrs. Roosevelt's type. Felix Frankfurter and Harold Ickes appear fleetingly; and men like Ben Cohen, Leon Henderson, William O. Douglas do not appear at all.

But the defects are less important than the book itself—so wise, so penetrating, in parts so deeply moving. Only a great woman could have written it. Mrs. Roosevelt has long since tired of hearing herself described as the "first lady of the world." "This I Remember" establishes her all the more firmly in that undisputed place.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 814)

B. CERF:
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING

Columnists do invent copy. When I mailed Irwin Edman a copy of the piece I wrote about him for this book, he noted at the bottom of the page*, "I deeply enjoyed the stories about myself, particularly the ones I had never heard before."

*Changed the word *sheet* to *page* to get the needed *g* in the title.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amanuensis No. 1

F. D. R.—MY BOSS. By Grace Tully. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 391 pp. $3.50.

By Jonathan Daniels

IN THIS book the good secretary has done the last good job for the good Boss. It is written in that spirit and those who look to such recollections only for revelations may pass it by. Those, however, who hope to find in the personal histories being written about Franklin Roosevelt something of his essential spirit will find in this story all the essential items which added up to the stature and the personality of the man.

In a sense in the book Grace Tully herself has written the best review of it. She pretends to no wish or ability to write a dispassionate judgment of Franklin Roosevelt: "I long ago knew that it was my good fortune to work for a man of straightforward simplicity, courage, passion, and honesty—one of the great souls of history." More significantly, she makes no such pretense as some other recollecting writers have done to be the real hero of the story "while Roosevelt vanishes out of sight or is reduced to a small walk-on part." "I was merely a secretary to the President and no more." That is a large "merely." Hardly anyone served FDR so steadily, saw him more often, or more shared—if she did not shape—the confidences about great events.

If, as she says, her concern is with the minutiae of his life, it is with a magnificent body of minutiae which provide a very human story from the time of the Al Smith campaign in 1928 until that day in Georgia in April when the President died. And certainly nobody has written a more moving account of that tragic day.

Nobody need fear that Miss Tully's book is such a work in adoration that it falls into sweet solemnity. It would be hard to wrap Franklin Roosevelt up in snug, sweet terms. Furthermore—it may have been one of the reasons she served him so long—Grace Tully brings to this book as she did to her work a lively Irish humor and an occasional Irish sharpness. Her book contains accounts of many of the great number of men who were around Roosevelt in those years. Most of them had her affection but some here receive, as they deserved, acid or satirical treatment. From this book of "minutiae" historians will get much help in the understanding of such men as Al Smith and Harry Hopkins, Jim Farley and Winston Churchill, Tommy Corcoran and Louis Howe. Perhaps the sternest portrait of them all is that by this Irish lady of that Chinese lady Madame Mei-ling Chiang Kai-shek.

This is, of course, a book for history. But it is certainly one also loaded with materials for present enjoyment. It contains a whole collection of new Roosevelt stories, significant, serious, and hilarious. Perhaps not strangely, however, it is probably the best textbook on how to be a good secretary ever written. Miss Tully lays down ten rules on "the fundamentals of secretarial conduct" which guided her while she served prelates, politicians, and a President. No business school should graduate a stenographer from this time on until she has learned those rules on pages 28 and 29 by heart.

International News Photo.

Grace Tully—"the best textbook on how to be a good secretary ever written."

In many ways they explain Grace Tully and her service to FDR. They explain the high quality of this book. She may have been "merely" a secretary tending to the minutiae of a President. But all Presidents would be happier, and even history would be simpler, if they could count on such mere secretaries as Grace Tully when high policy sets higher and higher and the Presidential going gets tougher and tougher.

Jonathan Daniels was press secretary to the President at the time of Roosevelt's death.

Law of Love in Britain

STAFFORD CRIPPS. By Eric Estorick. New York: The John Day Co. 342 pp. $5.

By Dexter Perkins

BEYOND all question, the most striking political personality in Britain today is Sir Stafford Cripps. Mr. Estorick's book is an attempt to explain the development of this extraordinary man, who was born a Conservative, who, by virtue of his legal abilities, earned a large income at the bar, and might well have complacently defended the system which made this possible, but who, by some law of his nature, was drawn towards the Left, and often the extreme left of British politics, who had his moments of pacifism, his period of doctrinaire Socialism, who was in and out of the Labor Party by virtue of his extraordinary independence of mind, and who, after many vicissitudes, has attained so eminent a position today. And the thread of consistency in Cripps's attitudes Mr. Estorick finds in a deep Christian faith, in a genuine attempt to apply the law of love to the affairs of the state. This combination of Christianity and Socialism is commoner in Britain and in Europe than Americans always like to think, and an effort to make it understandable brings us closer, therefore, to some of the realities of European life. Whether it has always resulted in the best practical judgments or not, it is something that calls for admiration.

But this is not the only point that strikes one as he surveys Cripps's career. One of the things that stands out is not only the tolerance but the recognition that the British public is willing to award to independence and courage. Here in the United States the successful politician is almost always a reasonably conventional person, who may, indeed, move when movement is in the air, but who rarely cuts himself off very far from mass opinion. Such caution was never in Sir Stafford. He has not minded breaking with his party when the occasion called for it. But for this he has not been cast into outer darkness, as would probably have been the case here, but has been rewarded with higher and higher office. His success is a tribute to the temper of the British people and gives us something to envy.

Not that Sir Stafford has always been right. In common with many of his Labor Party colleagues, he was fatally wrong in the period of the Thirties, no more ready to arm

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain than were his Tory adversaries, and offering a class reason for his opposition to doing so. At times he has seemed perilously like the doctrinaire, and has clung too firmly to some Socialist scheme. But in his case, as in many others, responsibility has modified his views, and experience has softened his dogmas. He is today not only a practical statesman, but a practical statesman who, more than most, has the courage to face up to the problems before him, to tell his Laborite followers unpalatable truths, and even to embark upon unpalatable courses of action. There is much force in the argument that, in the painful adjustments which face Britain in the immediate future, no other voice can speak with so much authority to the working masses whose cause he has championed.

All this comes out in Mr. Estorick's book, which is written throughout in a tone of admiration and sometimes with a distinctly partisan flavor. But there are certain defects in the mode of presentation. There is insufficient attention devoted to Sir Stafford's conversion from conventional toryism into liberalism. There are far too many long quotations which interrupt the smooth flow of the narrative. And, most of all, it is regrettable to find Mr. Estorick describing the political democracy of the United States as "dominated by monopoly capitalism or the economic power of the few." Many people would say such a thing had never really been true of the United States. But it is ridiculous today. It is high time that Englishmen of the Left discovered the New Deal and the Fair Deal, and awakened to the fact that the center of political gravity in the American people today does not lie with big business but with far wider groups, organized labor, the farmer, and many others. Mr. Estorick has brought Sir Stafford nearly up to date; it would be well for him to bring himself up to date on America.

Dexter Perkins, professor of history at the University of Rochester, served as the first Professor of American History and Institutions at Cambridge University, England.

The World.

What is life like these days in the Soviet and her satellites? John Gunther presented a comprehensive and objective report on what he had witnessed on a tour of Eastern Europe in his widely read "Behind the Curtain." Two books reviewed below afford us more glimpses through the far from impenetrable curtain. The account Vladimir Petrov gives of his life as a slave laborer in the Siberian mines in "Soviet Gold" is frighteningly reminiscent of the books about Nazi camps which were a publisher's staple a decade ago. The other book, more cheerful in tone, deals with a country known to Americans chiefly through "The Native's Return" and other works of Louis Adamic. Mila Z. Logan's "Cousins and Commissars" suggests that although Yugoslavia has become the battleground of two warring brands of Communism, it remains an almost idyllically lovely land inhabited by charming people.

Siblings on the Adriatic

COUSINS AND COMMISSARS. By Milla Z. Logan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 222 *pp.* $2.75.

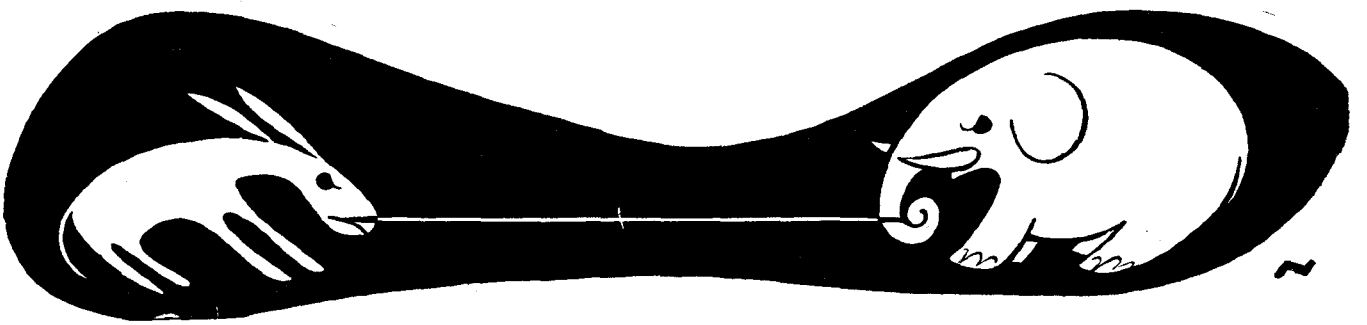
By Henry C. Wolfe

EVERY now and then the Yugoslav people and their country make the newspaper headlines. The first shot of World War I was fired in what is now a city in Yugoslavia; the crisis of October 1934 was initiated by the assassination of Yugoslav King Alexander; Hitler met a courageous foe in the Yugoslav people when, after failing to win their support, he staged a blitzkrieg into their country. Today it is the Kremlin's attempt to dominate Yugoslavia that once more trains the spotlight on the land of the South Slavs.

Yugoslavia's frequent appearance in the news is due mainly to her geographical position and the courage and character of her people. The country lies on the old invasion routes, both from the East to the West, and vice versa. The Turks and other aggressors of the past fought their bloody way westward and northward through the lands inhabited by the South Slavs. The Hapsburgs, Magyars, Pan-Germans, and Nazis pushed southward toward the Aegean and the Persian Gulf through the countryside of the Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, and other South Slavic peoples. Today the Kremlin, looking toward the Adriatic, the Aegean, and regions beyond, is engaged in an all-out struggle to get control of this vitally important country.

If the reader wants the political and military low-down on the Tito-Stalin feud, he will be disappointed in this book. There is a minimum of politics and ideology, and no military or diplomatic exposés. The cousins, in short, far outnumber the commissars. But if the reader wants a close-up of some of the Yugoslav people, he will find this a highly enlightening volume. For here is a fascinating description of the Serbs who live along a section of the Adriatic coast. Their story is told with zest, with understanding, with keen humor. "Cousins and Commissars" will undoubtedly throw a good deal more light on the background of the present crisis than would the average book on economics, diplomacy, and military power.

The author, born in this country of Yugoslav parents and married to an



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American, made her first visit to the land of her ancestors last year. It was a sentimental journey to the little town of Petrovats-na-More, the spot where her forefathers settled in 1389, the year of the battle of Kossovo, when the Serbian State was destroyed by the Turkish invaders. Here she met her cousins, hundreds of them. They are Pastrovichi, members of twelve of the original thirteen tribes who settled along this picturesque portion of the Adriatic coast below the mountains of Montenegro. "The Pastrovichi," says the author, "have always been a law unto themselves. In the days when the Adriatic was a trade route between Venice and the Orient they were pirates, some say." A virile, colorful people, they have kept their family strains clear of outside blood, though they are as hospitable as any people in the world. The author was almost smothered by their affection. In spite of the pitiful shortages of food, they wined, dined, and entertained. Cousins came from the hills, from other towns, from everywhere. Even Mrs. Logan apparently could not always straighten out the complicated relationships in which "according to Pastrovich reckoning, your second cousin's son is your nephew and he must call you Teta (aunt)."

To anyone who has ever visited a Serbian home, the author's sojourn with her Pastrovich relatives brings back the cleanliness of the laundry boiled in wood ashes, the almost religious devotion to the guest in the house, the bounteous offerings of food from an otherwise frugal people. The author's husband, who knew no Serbian when they arrived, soon learned "*Uzmi*," a word he heard wherever they went. The wife explained: "It means, 'Take, take some. Take something.'" The Logans had planned to leave presents for their hosts and return with light baggage. To their consternation, they left Petrovats-na-More loaded down with gifts, "*Uzmi*" ringing in their ears.

Speaking of the Yugoslavs, the author concludes: "I am no one to say where these people are going or whether their sacrifices will work out in the end for the greatest good of the greatest number. All I know can be put in the words of their own cinema title: 'These People Shall Live.' They will win their struggle for an honorable survival; they have never settled with history for less."

Henry C. Wolfe, an Officer of the Order of St. Sava of Yugoslavia, is author of "The Imperial Soviets" and other books.

Slaves in a "Classless Society"

SOVIET GOLD: My Life as a Slave Laborer in the Siberian Mines. By Vladimir Petrov. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 426 pp. $4.

By Martin Ebon

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy writes his political thoughts into a diary. Three years later a lady friend turns against him and plants anti-Soviet books in his room. The young fellow is caught in the net of the vast purges of the mid-1930's. Terror-stricken ex-friends denounce him. It all adds up to a fat NKVD dossier, a six-year sentence to heavy labor, and an odyssey that leads through the prisons of Leningrad to the labor camps and gold mines of Siberia.

That's what happened to Vladimir Petrov. That is the story he tells under the somewhat gaudy title "Soviet Gold." Not a very unusual story in the Soviet State of today. But one that needs telling, over and over.

I wonder who will read this book. It is long, repetitious, terrifying, and depressing. I remember how the Great American Public closed its ears to the stories of German concentration camps, from the time the Nazis came to power until the day American troops entered Buchenwald and Dachau. With the sophistication of the naive the horrors of the Nazi State were shrugged off as the exaggerated horror tales of emigrés with a grudge. From Petrov's evidence, the Bolshevik State appears to be running the Nazis a very close second.

Petrov quotes a camp official's estimate that there are some eight million forced laborers in the Soviet Union. His testimony confirms evidence compiled elsewhere, notably in David J. Dallin's "Forced Labor in the Soviet Union." But Petrov supplies incidents, shocking details of camp life, beatings, and slow death, isolated instances of friendliness, the acts of an arbitrary regime that seeks to substitute terror for inefficiency and incompetence.

I suppose the Voice of America's Russian-language radio broadcasts might include chapters from this book in its much-jammed transmission over the Iron Curtain. But will they be believed? Will those Soviet citizens who have never experienced life in Stalin's prisons and labor camps recognize the truth of this eyewitness story? Or will they turn away, as the Germans are still turning away from the horrible truth of Nazi inhumanities? Will they quiet their own fears with a shrug and a phrase about "capitalist propaganda"?

Vladimir Petrov made his way to the United States during the war, by way of Europe. He is now on the faculty of Yale University. He was a student at the Leningrad Engineering Institute until his arrest in 1935. He is now thirty-four years old. Looking back, he wonders "how a man could pass, relatively unharmed, through all the experiences that I have endured." Petrov's early faith in the Soviet system has been replaced by a hatred for that system, although he "retained the ability to distinguish the passive carriers of the Soviet system from its true movers."

The book contains several illuminating passages. The author gives an interesting second-hand account of Soviet techniques designed to make men incriminate themselves in public testimony. It is a useful contribution toward solution of the lasting mystery of the Moscow trials. Petrov also recounts his meeting with a young science fanatic, a psychiatrist who followed NKVD orders in studying methods of creating insanity in prisoners. He describes the various nuances in prison society, the privileged position of the common criminals above that of political prisoners —another parallel to the Nazi concentration-camp pattern.

The author keeps his personal bitterness out of the book. There are only a few sentences that summarize his own views. He considers prison camps not "as a place where innocent people are tortured or criminals are punished, but as a place in which millions of the most ordinary citizens live in accordance with the basic laws of the Soviet State." (Camp jargon, with bitter irony, described those prisoners whom mental and physical exhaustion had placed in a state of moronic indifference as "dokhoydyágas" or "arrivists": those who have arrived at the Socialism, "the finished" type of citizen in the Socialist society.)

Ably translated by Mirra Ginsburg, the book is a powerful indictment of Soviet society, a frightening revelation of totalitarian inhumanity in our time.

Martin Ebon, who conducts a course on "Revolutionary Theories and Tactics of Communism" at the New School for Social Research in New York, is the author of "World Communism Today."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Two books reviewed this week deserve to be read by everyone who can be stirred by the work of a great story-teller and stylist, or by an intensely dramatic novel by a little-known writer. It is a paradox of contemporary literature that William Faulkner's works are not read by the masses at home, while critics abroad rank him as perhaps the greatest of our living writers. "Knight's Gambit," his eighteenth book, a collection of short stories, may serve to introduce him to a large number of readers who only know him through his reputation. The distinguished novel is "The Cry and the Covenant," by Morton Thompson. It is about one of the great discoverers and martyrs of medicine, who a century ago traced the deadly ravages of childbed fever to the infectious hands of the doctors in the Vienna hospital in which he served.*

Loyalty & Tiresias of Yoknapatawpha

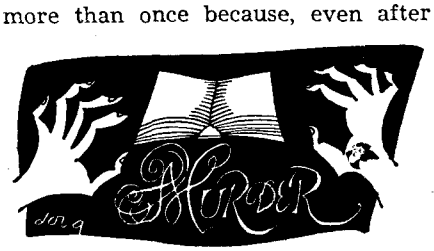
KNIGHT'S GAMBIT. By William Faulkner. New York: Random House. 246 *pp.* $2.75.

By Howard Mumford Jones

ACCORDING to the list of Faulkner's books printed in this volume, "Knight's Gambit" is the eighteenth to appear. It is also the third collection of short stories so denominated. The book is composed of five such pieces and one narrative of the dimensions dear to Henry James—"Knight's Gambit," which gives its name to the collection. The copyright entries run from 1932 to 1949, two of them being entered by the Curtis Publishing Company. These facts suggest that the book covers two decades of work and includes fiction tailored for popular periodical reading. But not all of the volume is so tailored.

There are, it seems to me, three unifying elements in the book. The first and most obvious is, in a way, hardest to state. It is the simple, shining fact that Faulkner possesses that primitive endowment of story-telling —narrative power. This power is sometimes lacking in famous writers who have produced novels of historical importance, Goethe and James Joyce being cases in point; and it is sometimes found in writers despised or neglected by criticism, such as Dumas, Conan Doyle, Sienkiewicz, H. Rider Haggard. A novel by Meredith, Dostoievsky, or Virginia Woolf may hold us by its richness of texture, its wit, its sagacity, its insight, but it will not hold us in the way that "A Tale of Two Cities" or "Barchester Towers" or "Victory" holds us. Now the power of endlessly exciting the curiosity—the naive curiosity—of the reader may, indeed, be a primitive power; it may be the possession of writers undistinguished for philosophy, for style, for characterization, but no fictionist was ever worse off for having it, even though scores of critics and novelists have sheltered themselves behind Dr. Johnson's dictum that only a fool would read "Clarissa Harlowe" for the story. Only a fool will complain when a highly competent writer tells a story. Faulkner has the primitive (if you like, the primary) power of story-telling. He communicates curiosity and excitement, he teases expectation, he lures and withholds, gives and refrains. He makes you want to fit all the pieces of the narrative puzzle together.

In one sense the stories in this book are mystery stories. That is, a murder is committed or prevented in each, and the problem of the tale is to assess the exact quality of emotional loyalty, once it is found, which, buried deep in the past, is the ultimate force leading on or preventing catastrophe. It will at once be said that the writer of such stories must as a matter of course have this mysterious power of narrative. But narrative power is not synonymous with plot. Such is the mediocrity of most mystery tales, they cannot be read twice, whereas "The Three Musketeers" or "Pickwick Papers" or "The Old Wives' Tale" can be read not only twice but many times. The Faulkner stories can also be read more than once because, even after



the little mystery is solved, curiosity is not satiated. The reader remains curious, because Faulkner is curious, about the strange, speechless vagaries of human loyalty.

These are, in fact, studies in loyalty, sometimes of loyalty on a barbaric plane, and they illustrate (or at least the three or four best of them illustrate) both the terrifying and the majestic possibilities of human affection. But what is our best wisdom about human affection? This question is the second element tying the book together. The county attorney, Uncle Gavin, appears in each tale. Through his eyes or his agency the narrative unfolds. Sometimes Uncle Gavin is not much more than a variant on the amateur detective, so much smarter than the law. But Faulkner does not intend him to be the Sherlock Holmes of Jefferson, Mississippi; he intends him to be also the Tiresias of Yoknapatawpha County, the Ancient One, older and wiser than the law. Wiser than justice. Wiser than affection. This suggestion of supernal pity holds the book together.

The third unifying force is atmosphere created by style. In the old-fashioned sense (a sense that will remain when critical novelties now fashionable are dead) Faulkner is one of the *grands rhétoriqueurs*. He loves language and he abuses it. He can be bad as only the stylist can be bad, as in: "Because it is only in literature that the paradoxical and even mutually negativing anecdotes in the history of a human heart can be juxtaposed and annealed by art into verisimilitude and credibility." This stumbling statement of a creed is atrocious as only Mark Twain or Browning or Whitman can be atrocious. But it is only the negative pole of a mighty positive, and if one can quote a sentence in a review, one cannot excerpt a scene. Yet the brooding power of the opening of "Hand Upon the Waters," the metallic (and comic) fascination of Captain Gualdres in "Knight's Gambit," the scabby scene of the governor pardoning convicts in "Monk"—these wonderfully sketched elements are products of the same rhetorical force. A slow, rich fog seems to pour out of this prose, this continual and effortless notation, this fecund honesty which transcends the at times occasional sentimentality, the cheapness, the commercial quality.

The reader who has been put off by Faulkner's reputation for obscurity or for horror (and some are so put off) will find this collection a good first step in comprehending a powerful and uneven genius.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slain by Unwashed Hands

THE CRY AND THE COVENANT. By Morton Thompson. New York: Doubleday & Co. 469 pp. $3.50.

By EDMUND FULLER

HERE is a noble book, deeply conceived and powerfully written. It is the debut of one of the most impressive and thoughtful novelists to appear in recent seasons. Mr. Thompson is not an author of "promise" but of immediate, present fulfilment. He has built his novel stone by stone with fidelity and devotion. The labor involved was stupendous.

Ignaz Philipp Semmelweis, a Hungarian doctor, confessed to one of his friends: "I've got a sickness ... It's incurable. It's pity." Out of that pity grew tragedy and hope and the saving of human lives.

In 1836 the young Semmelweis went from his native city of Budapest to Vienna. He was diffident toward all professions and began to study law in a desultory way. When, for the sake of a thrill, he and some friends were taken by a medical student to witness a dissection, he experienced an irresistible call to medicine.

He was an annoying student. He asked questions and such a thing was never done; one listened. To the young Viennese students he was a hick. But he asked the eminent Dr. Rokitansky such questions as he had never heard before and Rokitansky took him into his home to live. And Dr. Skoda and Dr. Hebra, brilliant men, also saw in him something rare.

—*Fred Stein.*

Morton Thompson — "immediate, present fulfilment."

When Semmelweis began hospital work, childbed fever was the scourge of the lying-in wards. Its fatal incidence never sank below 3 or 4 per cent, more often hovered at 25 to 35 per cent, and sometimes soared in terrible outbursts to 100 per cent, forcing the closing of clinics. This was true in Vienna and Paris and Prague and all the great hospitals of the world. The most eminent doctors agreed that nothing could be done about it—ever. They advanced some thirty causes, ranging from "cosmic-telluric influences" and "miasmas" to the shock to modesty entailed by the process of giving birth.

Years before Lister and Pasteur were to do their work in antisepsis and the germ theory, Semmelweis, his humane and sensitive spirit harrowed by pity for the terrified, dying women, toiled endlessly in the face of mockery to solve the riddle. Through a tragic accident to a dear friend he awoke to the truth that doctors and students who went from the dissecting table to the delivery room with unwashed hands were slaying women. And soon he found that the mysterious transmission was not merely from the dead to the living but that from any festering or putrid wounds or diseases death could be carried by doctors to entire wards full of pregnant women. The dread puerperal fever was what we might call today simple blood poisoning.

Semmelweis demonstrated that by meticulous washing of the hands and dipping them into chlorine disinfectant, childbed fever could be eliminated almost entirely. Clean instruments, clean sheets—the most primitive concepts of cleanliness completed the conquest.

Except for his loyal masters, Rokitansky, Skoda, and Hebra; a few staunch friends and students; a few scattered converts, the medical profession regarded his theory as an affront. His reward for eliminating puerperal fever from the Vienna Lying-in Hospital was to be discharged and repudiated. His washings and cleanliness were abandoned: the death rate soared. For there were private reputations, pet theories, little vanities to be nurtured. It is always easier to denounce the new than to risk endorsing it. Not for many years, not in his lifetime, would thousands of lives be saved by widespread adoption of his simple teaching.

It is appalling to read this vivid and vigorous account of a fight against ignorance, superstition, and bigotry in a supposed science. Galileo experienced it, but human lives were not at stake. Pasteur and Lister experienced it, but triumphed in their lifetimes. With Semmelweis it was an unremitting personal tragedy with a denouement of utter horror.

Mr. Thompson's use of this material is masterful. His extension of the scene to involve the whole social fabric of an era lends it vast scope and transcends the medical theme. He has a wonderful sense of the body and its "cellular intelligence." His intuitive insights into the mysteries of birth and conception, his sense of their meaning to a woman, are remarkable. As artist he sees to the heart of this great commonplace of life, and its companion death: the beginning and end of each of us; unknown to all of us. The discourse beginning "Whence comes this life?," which draws Semmelweis into his profession, is sheer brilliance.

Let no one say, because of its shocking clinical fidelity and vast research, that it is merely a quasi-novel, containing too much of biography or fact. It is only that it is rooted in truth as every worth-while novel must be. Its form is dramatic and creative. It purges with pity and terror. It has eloquence and color, even humor in the midst of grimness.

There is deep satisfaction in reading this book: the satisfaction of work of purpose and dedication; of work well done—and worth doing.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 333

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 333 will be found in the next issue.

SLAAJ TD ESP XLY

HSZ SLES YPGPC VYZHY

HSLE TE TD EZ ELDEP

ZQ QLXP — EZ SLGP

TE TD L AFCRLEZCJ,

EZ HLYE TE TD L

SPWW. —A. S. DELYSZAP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 332

Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

—N. HAWTHORNE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

College Days, in Detail

THE PRIMITIVE. By Feike Feikema. New York: Doubleday & Co. 460 pp. $3.50.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

THIS long, strenuous, and confused novel begins in a background familiar to readers of Mr. Feikema's earlier books—the Frisian colony in Northwest Iowa. It begins with two men, one of them a giant of eighteen, sawing down a tree. That job is completed in ten pages and nothing that follows is as real as the crash of the cottonwood crown. For the giant, Thurs Wraldson, goes away to college, and Mr. Feikema seems to lose his virtue as a writer when he follows Thurs to a Michigan city and to the dormitory-, library-, gymnasium-, and classroom-life of Christian College.

Thurs was at home in the Siouxland country, but he becomes grotesque in the confined world of college. The novel plods through his experiences, season by season, semester by semester, listing every course he took, every teacher he listened to, the scores of the basketball games, the subjects of his English themes, the text of every "note" that he passed to the girl ahead of him in chapel. It even enumerates the dormitory wash-room facilities.

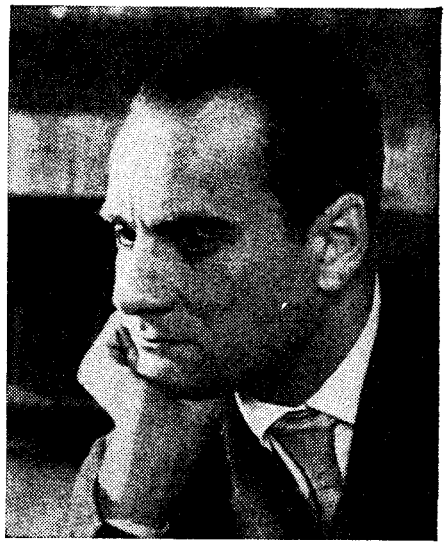
"Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there," Willa Cather once wrote, "that, one might say, is created." Of this kind of creation the pages of "The Primitive" contain nothing. There is a kind of dogged endurance in the writing; occasionally there is some power of observation and description; there is no trace of the power of selection and suggestion.

Feike Feikema—"an undergraduate's hunger."

"The Primitive" seems to offer Thurs Wraldson, with his huge strength and formless yearnings, as a prototype of American youth growing into manhood. College brings him both success and failure. He becomes not only a basketball star, but the campus literary light and a composer of music, with his eyes set on New York at the novel's end. He finds steadfast friendship with the iconoclastic Huse Starring, and he hopelessly loves tiny Hero Bernlef. He wrestles with temptation and he gropes toward knowledge and self-expression. He is painfully serious, yet it is difficult for a reader to feel seriously about him.

In fact, it is difficult to be sure of the intent of this novel. Despite its forewords from Homer, the Bible, and the Talmud, despite its orotund "Prelude" and its repeated searchings of Thurs's bewildered soul, "The Primitive" is a book of grotesques. Many passages read like inept burlesque (Thurs's conferences with his teachers, the church and chapel services) and most of the characterizations are caricatures. A clumsy humor seems to have gone into the making not only of the college faculty but also of Thurs's schoolmates—Eevo Ampere, Spinoza Meer, Ingersoll Thirteen, Phil Snortebull (these are not nicknames)—who live in the men's dormitory called the Rooster Brooder. Along with these caricatures are some characters who seem to be regarded highly. But it is hard to tell where the grotesquerie ends. Professor Witsingbern, who sets Thurs on the way to being a writer, allows the big freshman to read his unpublished novel, a bulky story of a young scholar whose mistress "left him for the King of her Hymen." The song which Thurs composed "and saw that it was good" ends with "The bleeding of the lifeblood from the pallid wax of the body-comb." In one paragraph Thurs mumbles "Yup" and "Wull," and in the next he refers to "the shattered prism poetry [of T. S. Eliot] in which the idea is presented so clearly that even the medium is affected." Mr. Feikema names musicians straight—Dvorák, Debussy, Ravel—but he calls T. S. Eliot "B. S. Idiom" and lists his contemporaries as Ida Sweet-Accent Ilay, Maemy Growll, i'm i'm Comin', Don d'Peaceloss, Sindare Fearless, and Fitz Shot Hiswad.

There are perhaps two novels here—a burlesque of college, with all the gaucherie, pretensions, and eccentrics of a narrow sectarian campus, and a novel of an undergraduate's hunger and discovery. But when the two are hopelessly mixed up together, not interwoven but confused, there is really no novel at all.



Alberto Moravia—"some tortuous erotica."

Primroses & Poverty

THE WOMAN OF ROME. By Alberto Moravia. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 433 pp. $3.

By SIEGFRIED MANDEL

ALBERTO MORAVIA was introduced to the American reader by an awkward translation from the Italian in 1932 of his "The Indifferent Ones." Its reception was mixed, but loudest to protest was a Boston review which complained that nothing in the novel was left to the imagination. Perhaps that is as good a way as any of defining a naturalistic novel—one that leaves nothing to the imagination in the study of a character or a situation. "The Woman of Rome," or the several autobiographical years of a reformed prostitute in Mussolini's Italy, omits nothing that is relevant to its subject and consequently presents a raw slice of life.

In this fluent translation by Lydia Holland, young Adriana makes a spirited bid for membership in the distinguished gallery of loose women whose confessions have made history in literature. She resembles most closely Defoe's open-hearted Roxana, accepting the cards dealt her by life without bitterness or shame, although she lacks Roxana's sense of humor and vitality.

Trapped into a poverty-stricken marriage, Adriana's mother wishes to have her daughter profit by her lesson. Since a poor family to her means slavery and infrequent pleasures, she insists that Adriana regard her beauty as a capital asset, and launches her

(*Continued on page 29*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN

Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1949, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

What Ideas Are Safe?

The following guest editorial is by Henry Steele Commager, professor of history at Columbia University and author of "Majority Rule and Minority Rights," "Theodore Parker," and "The Growth of the American Republic" (with Samuel E. Morison). His "The American Mind in the Twentieth Century" will be published by Yale University Press next spring. In recent years Mr. Commager's concern for democratic freedoms has been effectively expressed in his writings.

IT is the cardinal failing of much of the current discussion of loyalty and of human rights that it addresses itself to the narrow question of right—almost of legal right. Does the legislature have a *right* to require loyalty oaths? Do school boards have a *right* to purge faculties of Communists or subversives, or to purge books from libraries? Do Congressional committees have a *right* to require witnesses to testify about their political affiliations? Do FBI investigators have the *right* to inquire broadly into the character and activities of Governmental employees? Has the Attorney-General a *right* to compile lists of subversive organizations? Or, conversely, do men have a *right* to Government employment, or teachers to academic immunity, or publicists to speak their mind on all subjects?

Most of these debates have ended in sterility, as they are bound to end. For men will differ, sincerely, over this question of right, and there are no conclusive answers.

What is wrong here? What is it that makes for our confusion?

That confusion is a basic one. It is, if you will, a philosophic confusion. We are confused because we are not asking the really essential questions.

And what are the essential questions? They are questions that the pragmatists require us to answer. They are questions that look not to abstract rights, but to actual consequences. "The pragmatic method," William James wrote, "starts from the postulate that there is no difference of truth that doesn't make a difference of fact somewhere; and it seeks to determine the meaning of all differences of opinion by making the discussion hinge as soon as possible upon some practical or particular issue."

What, then, are the practical consequences of the attack upon independence of thought, non-conformity, heterodoxy, radicalism, which is now under way? What kind of society will it create? What climate of opinion will it encourage? What will happen to our science, our scholarship, our political thought and conduct, even our morals, if this program continues and succeeds?

The first and most obvious consequence is that we will arrive sooner or later—and I think sooner—at an official standard of conformity, orthodoxy, and loyalty. For if you are going to silence or punish men for disloyalty you must first determine what is loyalty. If you are going to apply Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's "easy test" of a subversive organization: "does it have a consistent record of support of the American viewpoint?," you must determine officially what is the American viewpoint. If you are going to dismiss men for membership in subversive organizations, you must establish what are non-subversive activities and organizations. If you are going to discourage or silence dangerous ideas, you must establish what are safe ideas.

This was the position that President Lowell took, during World War I, when he refused to interfere with the teaching of members of the Harvard faculty: if we pronounce certain ideas disloyal, he said, we in effect stand behind all the ideas we do not pronounce disloyal. It is the position Mr. Conant has taken in a recent situation where super-patriots tried to force him to discipline members of his faculty.

Their position is a logical one; it is indeed the only logical one; and it illuminates our whole problem. Eventually we shall have to establish some official standards of orthodoxy in thought and conduct. Who is to set the standards? Who is to determine what is orthodox, what is loyal? In short, if we drive out those ideas we think dangerous—even those, in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that we loathe and think fraught with death, we must make clear to all what ideas are safe.

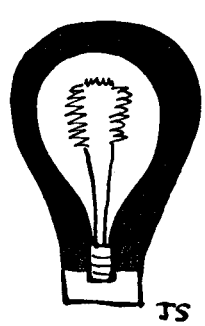
Now the fact is that no ideas are safe. That is a consideration many otherwise intelligent men overlook. "Every idea is an incitement," said Holmes, and John Dewey has written:

> Let us admit the case of the conservative; if we once start thinking, no one can guarantee where we shall come out, except that many objects, ends, and institutions are surely doomed. Every thinker puts some portion of an apparently stable world in peril, and no one can wholly predict what will emerge in its place.

If we establish a standard of safe thinking, we will end up with no thinking at all. That is the only "safe" way, and that is, needless to say, the most precarious, dangerous of all ways.

The second consequence is a very practical one, and it is one whose effects are already being felt in many quarters. It is this: that first-rate men cannot and will not work under the conditions set by those who tremble at original ideas. Scholars who have to run the gauntlet of legislative investigations of their thoughts, their teaching, their writing, and their associations, will look elsewhere for the exercise of their talents: it will be interesting to see, ten years from now, whether those colleges and uni-

Atomic Age Fables



XXIII: A Dark Absolute

IN THE land of Absolute, where everyone and everything is perfect, there is no light at night.

The annals of the Absolutians record that they once discovered the electric light, but as is known, the perfect electric light burns in a perfect vacuum.

Absolute is in the dark. —J. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

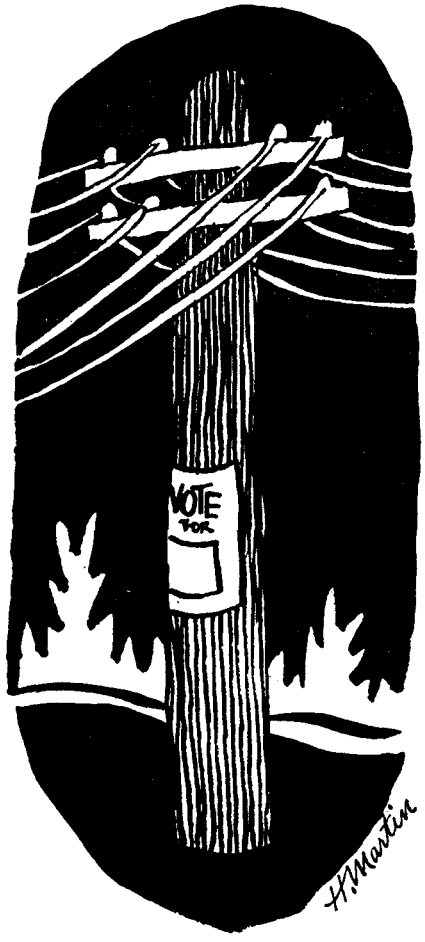
versities that have purged their faculties have in fact attracted stronger men to their institutions or a better student body. Young men and women of independent mind, contemplating a career, will hesitate before exposing themselves to the kind of examinations required for entrance into the public-school system. The scholars who are competent to write textbooks will not submit to the straitjacket imposed by school boards, the result being that textbooks will be left to the incompetents willing to conform. The Government service, too, will suffer—as it has already suffered. The distinguished chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission has recently warned us in most solemn manner that

> The conditions of work in the Federal Government are not attractive. They are becoming increasingly less attractive to many of the very men of managerial and technical skills upon whom our world atomic leadership depends. . . . for deep-seated reasons. The difficulties are . . . fundamental. They consist in the growing evidence that a tendency toward detailed Congressional supervision of this and other essential technical undertakings make the doing of a creditable job quite impossible . . . When the public task undertaken is made impossible of accomplishment by the increased worsening of the conditions surrounding Government service, and men and organizations find their efforts quite futile, they then will leave that service, or decline to enter.

In short, if we persist in setting vexatious and impossible standards of conformity of thought, we will lose our leadership in atomic research—and in other fields of research just as crucial.

The third consequence of persistence in our present course grows out of the first two. It is the gradual development in the United States of the kind of society in which freedom of inquiry will not flourish, in which originality will not flourish, in which criticism will not flourish. This is no alarmist prophecy. It is a development already under way. Already civil servants fear to read certain books and magazines. Already teachers fear to discuss certain subjects in the classroom. Already most men hesitate to join good causes, to sign petitions which they otherwise approve, for there is always the suspicion that they might catch the infection of guilt by association. Mr. Raymond Fosdick has described what is happening:

> If you sign a petition to admit colored people to public-housing developments, if you favor fair-employment practices or are concerned about civil liberties, if you fight for the protection of the rights of the foreign-born, if you oppose religious prejudice or Jim Crowism, if you sanction cultural exchange with foreign countries. . . if you take any point of view which involves the implementation of the Declaration of Independence . . . you are apt to be suspected in some circles as a knowing participant in the Communist front or at the very least a witless dupe of Moscow's hypnotic influences.



A miasma of suspicion is spreading over the land, and all of us, willy-nilly, breathe its foul fumes.

We cannot have a society half slave and half free; nor can we have thought half slave and half free. If we create an atmosphere in which men fear to think independently, inquire fearlessly, express themselves freely, we will in the end create the kind of society in which men no longer care to think independently or to inquire fearlessly. If we put a premium on conformity we will, in the end, get conformity. It will not be a process of some heavy-handed Gestapo striking down independent scholars and scientists. It is more subtle than that. It will be a process that begins in every home, in every schoolroom, in every editorial office, in every pulpit. It will be a process that develops slowly and almost intangibly—until we have created a community where men simply don't make the effort that is required of the non-conformist; where non-conformists are not rewarded as heretofore they have been rewarded in our country; where inertia and apathy take the place of energy and independence.

Such a society is doomed to destruction. We have had, in our time, examples of what happens when governments insist on conformity. We have had examples of what happens when science and scholarship and governmental service are all required to follow a predetermined line. There are many reasons why the Nazis lost the war, but all who are familiar with the internal history of Germany in the last twenty years know that one crucially important reason was that the Hitler regime drove out or silenced its ablest scientists and scholars, and that it crushed that spirit of inquiry, criticism, and dissent so important in time of war. General Halder has recently written a little book—it is a best seller in Germany now—in which he points out all the failings of Hitler as war leader: how Hitler and his henchmen interfered in the conduct of war on every level, how they diverted scientific research from essentials to pet schemes, how they intimidated the military brains of the nation to the point where none dared dissent. He should know. He is one of the exhibits.

A nation which, in the name of loyalty or of patriotism or of any sincere and high-sounding ideal, discourages criticism and dissent, and puts a premium on acquiescence and conformity, is headed for disaster.

And this is why it is so perilous to suppose some conflict between loyalty and freedom. Freedom is the basic foundation of true loyalty. Loyalty in turn enhances freedom. The case against the conscription of thought is not primarily the case of the individual right, or of the abstract right to speak or inquire, to assemble or associate. It is rather the case of the welfare of society as a whole. It is the commonwealth we must cherish, and the commonwealth can prosper only where the human mind and spirit are left free.

It is later than we think, and if we allow our intellectual and emotional energies to be drained off into frivolous channels, we will find that we have lost the main channel. That is the channel that leads to truth. It is well to keep in mind that even the Biblical injunction to seek truth emphasizes the consequences of that search. The truth shall make you free.

—Henry Steele Commager.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Just to Say "Arigato"

SIR: When I read the responses to "Hiroshima Four Years Later" [*SRL* Sept. 17] in the succeeding issues of *The Saturday Review* I felt as near to crying as anyone could get.

It was two years ago that the ship that was repatriating my comrades and myself from Burma docked at Hiroshima. Most of us had been away from Japan for quite a while, the average being six and a half years. We had heard about the bombing of our city and knew what to expect. However, there were some things we had not heard about.

As we stepped onto the pier from the barges that transferred us from the ship the young girls from the city came forward to welcome us back again. They looked so rosy and refreshing. It was not until our excitement had calmed down somewhat that we started to notice little things about these cheerful girls.

The girl who was serving me tea had a scar on her cheek. That pretty girl who was smiling and saying "Yokuro-san" ("We are obliged to you") had a long burn on her arm. The girl next to her who had the bouquet of flowers limped as she moved around handing the posies to the former servicemen.

One could only say "Arigato" ("Thank you").

I was repatriated a year too late to meet my younger brother. He died of TB and malnutrition. In Japan to get TB was to get your death warrant. Streptomycin has been discovered and there is a faint hope. But streptomycin is so hard to come by, and nutritious food is still very scarce.

I have been in America for three weeks now, yet I cannot get used to all the rich food that you eat daily: milk, butter, sugar, jam, hamburgers with everything, doughnuts, etc. One doughnut so fills me that I cannot eat anything else for breakfast. The lunch served at the cafeterias are like the New Year's dinner we had at home.

At present I am a student at the Western Michigan College of Education in Kalamazoo.

I should like to thank all the people who responded so generously to your article.

It makes me happy. The world is good to live in.

It brings hope to millions of people, not only in Hiroshima or Japan, but the whole world over.

ALBERT OKADA.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Hiroshima "Moral Adoptions"

SIR: . . . I should like to be responsible for a girl about ten or eleven, one with a mind capable of college education. I should also like to know about her personally so that I can write or send little gifts.

BERTHA WARD.

Cincinnati, O.

SIR: . . . I would like to morally adopt a little girl . . . keep in touch and be responsible for her, though as I am unmarried it may not be possible to adopt her legally.

PHYLLIS M. GRAHAM.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . We would like to know the name of the child we're caring for. This not to check up on anybody. But we'd like to supplement our contribution with food, clothes, whatever our little adopted child could use and appreciate directly.

WARD AND BARBARA KEYN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: . . . Please tell us what we can do to help an orphan. What do they need most? We are earning money so we can buy things to send. We are making potholders to sell and we are going to have a museum and charge admission.

THE FOURTH GRADE,
Roger Wolcott School.

Wilson, Conn.

SIR: . . . May I add my note of profound gratitude to the many others applauding this small atonement toward a monstrous military "expedient" for which we, as a nation, are guilty. It is comforting to know that somewhere on this globe in the year 1949 the sins of the fathers are not being visited on their children.

ETTA DELSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Drawing Power

SIR: As co-editors of the new *Magazine of Fantasy*, just published by Lawrence Spivak, J. Francis McComas and I wish to pay humble, awed tribute to the drawing power of the *SRL*.

A few weeks ago Mr. Benét kindly ran a one-paragraph advance notice of the magazine in THE PHOENIX NEST. We were immediately snowed under by more mail than we could handle—queries, MSS., subscription orders . . . even orders accompanied by checks and cash—and an occasional delayed snowflake still turns up in almost every mail.

Even editors as inured as we are to strange and imaginative happenings find something fantastic in the sway which your magazine obviously exercises over readers everywhere. (We had *SRL*-inspired mail from most of the forty-eight states, plus Canada and Mexico.) We salute you with respect and gratitude.

ANTHONY BOUCHER.

Berkeley, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But these ridiculous fairy stories, Aesop. Why not spend your time on serious literary endeavor that will last?"

Most Vicious Weapon

SIR: The comments of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., on the letters by Dalton Trumbo, Albert Maltz, Joy Davidman, and Leonard Spigelgass [LETTERS, Aug. 20] are more than faintly nauseating to this constant reader.

One can only inquire of him: does he *want* the Messrs. Trumbo and Maltz and their colleagues to go to jail for not having answered the celebrated sixty-four-dollar question? Implicit in his remarks, this would seem to be his considered hope.

But it is in his rebuttal to Mr. Spigelgass (with no apparent opportunity for counter-argument) that Schlesinger really exposes himself and the inevitable logic of his position. Certainly, Mr. Spigelgass reveals in his letter that he is an honest liberal, a middle-of-the-roader, who is more than casually indignant with what he regards as irresponsible criticism of the Hollywood community by

(Continued on page 24)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Readers and "Moral Adoptions"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following represents the complete list—as of October 26—of* Saturday Review *readers who are participating in one form or another in the plan for "moral adoptions" of Hiroshima children orphaned by the atomic explosion. The volume of the response promises to include under the plan every child at the Yamashita Orphanage. The Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, of the Nagaregawa Church of Christ (one of the principal figures in John Hersey's "Hiroshima"), has expressed the hope that* SRL *readers might wish to adopt children from other Hiroshima orphanages. In all, four Hiroshima orphanages number some 450 children. Of these, ninety-two are at Mrs. Yamashita's—leaving about 360 orphans eligible for "moral adoption."*

An account has been opened at the Chase National Bank in New York, which has a branch in Japan, under the name of the Yamashita Orphanage Fund. In writing to Mayor Hamai, we have suggested that a board of trustees be organized to administer the fund, with himself as chairman. We have also suggested that Mrs. Yamashita have photographs of the children sent here for forwarding to their new American families.

MARY ABASCAL,
Laguna Beach, Calif.

MRS. HERBERT ABRAHAM,
New York, N. Y.

DAVID W. ANGEVINE,
North Kansas City, Mo.

MRS. CHARLES BURGESS ARTHUR,
Kent, O.

MRS. DWIGHT K. BARTLETT,
Providence, R. I.

R. E. BARTON,
San Francisco, Calif.

MARGARET BASSETT,
Akron, O.

MRS. JOHN BEATY,
Manzanola, Colo.

WALTER P. BECKER,
Westfield, N. J.

RUDOLPH BERRYMAN,
Omaha, Neb.

STEPHEN R. BEST,
Cambridge, Mass.

MARIANNE BONWIT,
Berkeley, Calif.

DOROTHY M. BOYINGTON,
Northfield, Ill.

MRS. HAROLD E. BRADFORD,
Centre Hall, Pa.

MR. & MRS. NORMAN F. BRYDAN,
Essex Falls, N. Y.

MR. & MRS. RALPH P. BUDGMAN,
Detroit, Mich.

HENRY BUGBEE,
Cambridge, Mass.

WALTON BUTTERFIELD,
Rye, N. Y.

MR. & MRS. JOHN U. CALKINS,
Berkeley, Calif.

MRS. BETTINA B. CARTER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MRS. HAROLD COLE,
Royal Oak, Mich.

JOSEPHINE COMPTER,
Bronx, N. Y.

DORIS E. COOK,
Hartford, Conn.

MRS. ALBERT COTSWORTH, JR.,
Oak Park, Ill.

MILDRED R. DAHLEM,
Congress Park, Ill.

MABEL DAVIDSON,
Lynchburg, Va.

ETTA DELSON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

MRS. H. S. DEMING,
New City, N. Y.

ALICE DEVINE,
New York, N. Y.

MRS. SAMUEL DIAMOND,
New York, N. Y.

MRS W. F. DIERKING,
Mason City, Ia.

WILLIAM DORR,
College Park, Ga.

R. E. DOWNING,
Chicago, Ill.

MR. & MRS. THOMAS F. DUNN, JR.,
Oak Park, Ill.

ELIZABETH DUSENBERY,
Independence, Wis.

DORIS EDWARDS,
Buffalo, N. Y.

LIBBY ELDRIDGE,
Webster Groves, Mo.

F. K. EMERY,
Minneapolis, Minn.

ESTHER EVANS,
Durham, N. C.

BETHEL FITE,
University, Ala.

CHARLES R. FLETCHER,
Maquoketa, Iowa.

REV. CHARLES C. FORMAN,
Hubbardston, Mass.

THE FOURTH GRADE,
Roger Wolcott School,
Wilson, Conn.

PHOEBE FOX,
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

BARBARA FRALICH,
Marion, O.

MRS. FRANK J. FROST,
Palo Alto, Calif.

BEN W. FUSON,
Parkville, Mo.

MRS. CECIL G. GARLAND,
Beaver Dams, N. Y.

MRS. W. H. GERRY,
Santa Monica, Calif.

ETTA GIBSON,
MYRTLE MOORE,
Menlo Park, Calif.

MARGUERITE J. GIBSON,
New York, N. Y.

PHYLLIS M. GRAHAM,
New York, N. Y.

ERNEST F. GRIFFIN,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

MR. & MRS. CLINTON L. GRIMES,
Stillwater, Okla.

MR. & MRS. CYRUS HAMLIN,
Southwest Harbor, Me.

TILTHIA RAYE HANES,
Mocksville, N. C.

MRS. MARCUS A. HARRIS,
Scarsdale Manor, N. Y.

SUZANNE HART,
New York, N. Y.

W. FOSTER HAYES,
Harvey, Ill.

MICHAEL A. HESSBERG,
New York, N. Y.

EVERETT HIBBARD,
Cincinnati, O.

MRS. BERNICE ESPY HICKS,
Denver, Colo.

REV. H. RALPH HIGGINS,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARJORIE HOAG,
Greenville, Mich.

MR. & MRS. HENRY HOBUS,
Council Bluffs, Ia.

PAUL & MARGARET HOLTZ,
Point Richmond, Calif.

REV. GRAHAM HUNTER,
Fullerton, Calif.

NORMA E. INTRAVAIA,
San Francisco, Calif.

RUTH IVES,
White Plains, N. Y.

ADRIAN H. JENNINGS, JR.,
FREDRICK JENSEN,
U. S. Marine Hosp.,
Neponsit, N. Y.

ALICE J. JOHNSON,
Ellensburg, Wash.

CORA BABBITT JOHNSON,
San Diego, Calif.

DR. & MRS. DAVID H. JOHNSON,
Tacoma, Wash.

MR. & MRS. I. JONTEZ,
Cleveland, O.

MARGARET JOSLYN,
Chicago, Ill.

MRS. WILLIAM R. JULIAN,
Seal Beach, Calif.

RICHARD C. KORT KAMP,
Chicago, Ill.

ETNA KELLEY,
New York, N. Y.

MRS. EDWARD K. KELLOGG,
Roselle, N. J.

ELIZABETH S. KELSEY,
Berkeley, Calif.

MR. & MRS WARD KEYN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPH KLEIN,
New York, N. Y.

RUTH ANN LAEDERACH,
Chicago, Ill.

HANS LAMM,
APO 696 A,
c/o Postmaster, New York

MANCHE I. LANGLEY,
Portland, Ore.

MRS. FRANK LAPPIN,
Bridgewater, Conn.

JOHN A. LEISER,
Ft. Defiance, Ariz.

MRS. KURT LESSER,
Washington, D. C.

AGNES H. LEVERING,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. SHIPPEN LEWIS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SAMUEL B. LINCOLN,
Brattleboro, Vt.

MRS. H. L. LLOYD,
Green's Farms, Conn.

KATHLEEN M. LORD,
Lake Forest, Ill.

ROBERT M. MADIGAN,
V. A. Hospital,
Minneapolis, Minn.

MRS. LOUIS MADISON,
Newell, Ia.

LAWRENCE L. MALIS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. BURTON C. MALLORY,
Hingham, Mass.

CYNTHIA J. MALLORY,
Hingham, Mass.

GRACE M. MAYER,
New York, N. Y.

ANN MAZUR,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MRS. J. B. MCCLELLAND,
Ames, Ia.

DANIEL B. MCCONAUGHY,
Parkville, Mo.

BLAINE MCKUSICK,
Wilmington, Del.

GRACE M. MESERVE,
Providence, R. I.

ISABEL MILLER,
Haines, Alaska.

MRS. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN,
Pasadena, Calif.

VERA PECK MILLIS,
Carmel, Calif.

ARTHUR MORJE,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. & MRS. DONALD MULLEN,
Lowell, Mich.

MILDRED OUSLANDER,
New York, N. Y.

MRS. JAMES H. PARKE,
Washington, D. C.

REV. LAWRENCE W. PEARSON,
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

EDITH M. PENNEY,
Tryon, N. C.

MRS. SARAH HAY PETERS,
Laguna Beach, Calif.

SALLY PLOYART,
Seattle, Wash.

FRANCES L. PYLE,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

MALCOLM F. REED,
Westfield, N. J.

EDNA M. REICHMUTH,
Berkeley, Calif.

ARTHUR REITER,
Caracas, Venezuela.

M. COWL RIDER, JR.,
Richmond, Va.

MABEL F. ROGERS,
Schenectady, N. Y.

MARIAN & HELEN ROSENBERG,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT W. ROUNDS,
Oneonta, N. Y.

MRS. CHARLES ROWAN,
Steamboat Rock, Ia.

PAULINE A. RUFFER,
Hamden, Conn.

EDITH SAITO,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. MARJORIE M. SCHWARTZ,
Auberry, Calif.

JULIUS SELIGSON,
New York, N. Y.

HERMAN SIMON,
Schroon Lake, N. Y.

KATHERINE SIMON,
San Francisco, Calif.

BARBARA M. SMITH,
Chicago, Ill.

MRS. JOHN H. SNODDY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

MR. & MRS. RHODES R. STABLEY,
Indiana, Pa.

MRS. ROBERT S. STARBIRD,
St. Louis, Mo.

MARYAL STONE,
Swarthmore, Pa.

BARBARA STONECIPHER,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

BETTIE SUMMERS,
Baltimore, Md.

DR. & MRS. W. P. VANDERLOAN
Melton, Mass.

ANNE WACHTEL,
New York, N. Y.

D. JINX WALKER,
Guam Army Port, Guam.

MRS. MATT WALL,
High Point, N. C.

BERTHA EVANS WARD,
Cincinnati, O.

MRS. MABEL WARREN,
Laguna Beach, Calif.

MRS. DOROTHY WENDT,
Houston, Tex.

JOHN W. WHITE,
New York, N. Y.

KARL M. WILBUR,
Durham, N. C.

JEAN A. WILSON,
Berkeley, Calif.

JAMES A. YAMAMOTO,
Chicago, Ill.

MR. & MRS. BURL YARBERRY,
Gunnison, Colo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 22)

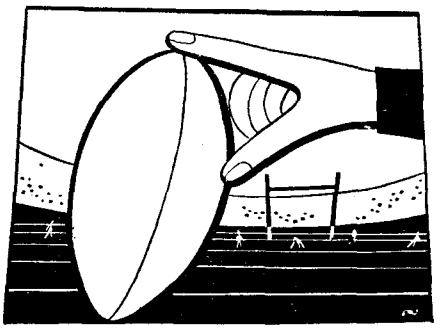
a man who obviously does not know the community. When Mr. Schlesinger refers to a single visit to Hollywood to organize an ADA chapter, declaring, "I went to meetings at the houses of people like Melvyn Douglas and Art Arthur, and I talked to a good many genuine, anti-Communist liberals. I do not recall, however, ever having encountered Dr. Spigelgass"—he is red-baiting Mr. Spigelgass. This is the most vicious and corrupt weapon of our times. Whether he likes it or not, this places Mr. Schlesinger right alongside the Un-American Committee, which he professes to despise.

SHEPARD TRAUBE.

Ridgefield, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Schlesinger replies: "Mr. Traube 'really exposes himself and the inevitable logic of his position' when he describes red baiting as 'the most vicious and corrupt weapon of our time.' He evidently agrees with Henry A. Wallace, who has declared red-baiting to be a 'criminal' practice* (The New York Times, *April* 18, 1948)*—which must mean, if one can assume that Mr. Wallace's words ever mean anything, that people who red-bait should be arrested and punished.*

"I happen to believe that totalitarianism is 'the most vicious and corrupt weapon of our time.' I therefore propose to continue to Communist-bait and to Fascist-bait as a means



of preventing the Traubes and the Wallaces, or their counterparts on the Right, from getting enough power to do to me what their European prototypes in Russia and Germany have always done to the opposition. I find it hard to understand the psychology of a Traube, who evidently strains at the Un-American Activities Committee but swallows whole the NKVD and regards criticism of it as 'vicious and corrupt.'

"As for Mr. Traube's opening question, I regard the record of the Un-American Activities Committee under its various chairmen as foul and squalid. I have been on record for years in favor of its abolition. But I also value highly the investigative power of Congressional committees; and I know, as a student of American history, that this power has more often served liberal than reactionary ends. Two principles, both prized by liberals, are in conflict in the Trumbo-Maltz cases: the Congressional right to investigate and the individual right to political anonymity. As a layman I am content to leave the adjudication of this conflict to the Supreme Court. But I cannot suppress the feeling that if this were Fritz Kuhn and Lawrence Dennis refusing to state before a Congressional committee whether they were members of the Nazi Party, many people would be demanding their punishment who are today demanding the release of Trumbo and Maltz. After all, the Communist Party thought the Smith Act was wonderful when it was being used against Trotskyites and Fascists. It only became unconstitutional when it began to be used against themselves. Such a position is clearly beneath contempt."

Correction

SIR: The Oct. 15 *SRL* lists me as professor of history at Cornell University.... I am not connected with any academic institution this year and moved to Ithaca to devote my time to writing.

GEOFFREY BRUUN.

Ithaca, N. Y.

No Blundering Detected

SIR: Martin Ebon reviewing "The Vatican in World Politics" [*SRL* Sept. 24] said in reference to the "Spellman-Roosevelt controversy" that "official Catholicism can make public-relations blunders, just like anybody else." While it is true that I was in Europe when the Cardinal and Mrs. Roosevelt were giving public statements on the Barden Bill, I have read well and widely concerning the incident and I never gathered the slightest inkling of any blundering on the part of the prelate. That excerpt from Mr. Ebon's review was a baldly put example of a loaded sentence if I ever saw one.

AILEEN O'GRADY.

Springfield, Mass.

Required Reading

SIR: I hope I am not too late to tell you that your editorial "Time for a Change" [*SRL* Sept. 17] contains the finest observations I have read in a long time on the need for new perspectives in American writing today. It should be required reading for our many young writers of great promise who are still preoccupied with the bitter fruits of war and postwar disillusionment.

Our writers must realize that man grows from hope, not from despair; that progress is made by seeking the challenge of the future, not by bewailing the mistakes of the past; that, despite what may look like overwhelming evidence to the contrary at any given moment in history, the world moves forward, not backward. Tragedy is a great element of literature, but no great literature has ever been built upon despair.

America, particularly, is still a land of hope and of great promise—but American writers throw away their chance at greatness when they permit the temporary disturbances of the present to obscure their vision of the future. There is no disgrace in being hopeful and optimistic instead of melancholy and pessimistic. The greatest of all American poets, Walt Whitman, was a prophet of confidence, of hope, of vision, who looked forward and sang no dirge for America, but sounded instead a "trumpet note ringing through the American camp."

There is need for such trumpet notes in our literature today. There is need, too, for our writers to deal simply and decently with human emotions in terms of warmth, understanding, compassion, and sympathy.

I hope that our new and talented generation of writers realizes the soundness of your reminder that "the enduring novels are those in which men and women suffer or find happiness in situations that will remain constant as long as human nature endures." Only out of such a realization can they produce a body of work worth the effort of creation.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"The Elite Among Us"

SIR: My neighbor on the other side of the Salmon Falls River seems to have misunderstood completely Irwin Edman's excellent article "The Elite Among Us" [*SRL* Sept. 10]. Contrary to Warren H. Carroll's assertion [LETTERS, Oct. 8], Dr. Edman does not call for "the development of a new elite of the T. S. Eliot stamp." Neither, as Mr. Carroll will see if he rereads the article carefully, is he anti-liberal or anti-democratic. Rather, Dr. Edman in his concern for the survival of whatever democracy we now possess —and because of his desire to see the utmost growth of democracy—has

SCREEN

PAUL DOUGLAS
LINDA DARNELL
CELESTE HOLM
CHAS. COBURN
in
"Everybody DOES IT"
20th Century-Fox

— ON STAGE —
ETHEL WATERS
THE LANGS
BOB EVANS
• EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION •
MARYBETH HUGHES
DAVID STREET
ROXY 7TH AVE. & 50TH ST.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courageously pointed out those tendencies in our culture that are weakening our democracy and that may well reduce our country to the horror and barbarity that George Orwell has so graphically depicted in his "Nineteen Eighty-Four." Is it anti-democratic to question the validity and desirability of certain aspects of our way of life? If it is, a great many people may soon find themselves before a Congressional committee, charged with being subversive. And if enough people think so, we may all come under the despotism of an American "Big Brother." No, we have achieved our democracy because Americans have always sought to improve that democracy and to obtain its benefits in increasing abundance.

ROGER BERNARD DE HAYES.

Somersworth, N. H.

SIR: One Irwin Edman is probably worth fourscore and seven T. S. Eliots. Edman is leaven. Eliot is frosting. We rise with the former. The latter solemnly irritates our stomach and viscera whenever we are indiscreet enough to swallow him entire.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHARLES CZAAP.

Tonant Plea

SIR: I have just done my first Double-Crostic—your No. 810—backwards, and hope I shall in future be impovid (O) to pursue the other sections of your journal which have hitherto engaged my interest, immotive (Z) to the edaphic (M) interest of the last page with its emeute (J) in print of notate (P) upgrowth (F). Let me rather return to my nonage (D) or retreat to a Gila Cliff (E), than be tempted again to find a miserable nine out of twenty-seven definitions prior to receiving the text. Else I shall become tonant (H), positively tonant! ! !

And it would be a pity to drown out with such clamor the real things in your paper: the well-sustained emotion of Norman Cousins, from Berlin to Hiroshima, the continuing debates on people and-or systems which never let us forget the interplay of human beings and their environment, the literary quality of many pieces from which may be culled a point or two for thinking or for the technique of writing, and the constant fascination of trying to watch advertisements of books not yet reviewed in the *SRL* and catch your subsequent comments.

I find myself more and more wishing that, despite the inspirational value of the humanistic outlook which illumines your pages, you could make the *SRL* one place in which evaluation of a book's content is just a little more than balanced by analysis of its how, its style and mood, its structure in relation to subject matter, etc. Very often this element, while there, seems eclipsed by the desire to tell the general reader what the book is about and to show what the reviewer knows about the subject.

Some day all the major review periodicals will scale their pieces according to literary importance rather than current-event significance. When that day comes, our country will have come out of its nonage (D).

ELEANOR U. MANNING.

New York, N. Y.

Was America's first great war crimes trial a triumph of justice — or a "judicial lynching"?

THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA

By A. FRANK REEL

NORMAN THOMAS: "I read the book with absorbed interest . . . When I had finished, I scarcely knew whether I was more moved to weep that so many distinguished Americans had participated in prostituting justice to vengeance, or to cheer the magnificent job done by Mr. Reel and his colleagues. After this, no American general or President will dare to surrender. Such is the nature of war that a triumphant enemy on the precedent of the Yamashita case can find plenty of grounds for hanging the loser."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT: "I read it at a sitting and was immensely and terribly impressed . . . The case has significance for the future beyond all estimation. It represents a hideous lapse from civilization."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES: "I read the book with an absorption so intense that it is difficult to describe. The story is terrifying . . . a disgrace to the nation."

MARY R. BEARD: "No one could or should miss one word."

GEORGE N. SHUSTER: "Nothing I have seen for a long time could contribute more effectively to the education of Americans and to the healing of those wounds of war which really fester." *$4.00*

THE Awakening Valley

By John Collier, Jr. and Aníbal Buitrón

Breathtaking photographs and unadorned language tell the story of a social miracle happening in our day among a group of Indian communities in the Ecuadorian Andes. Here they have recaptured independence, pride and self-reliance, and a cultural rebirth unique in the history of the New World. Today the tweeds of these Indians are sold all over Ecuador, enabling them to buy back from the white man much of their native soil.

8¾" x 11¼", 167 illustrations, $6.00

The HISTORY OF NATURE

By C. F. VON WEIZSÄCKER. "A profound study of nature and of man's relation to nature by a natural scientist who really understands the unique dimension of human existence."
—*Reinhold Niebuhr.* *$3.00*

MORE ABOUT PSYCHIATRY

By CARL BINGER, M.D. A fascinating volume that presents to physicians and interested laymen the aims and methods of modern psychiatry.
To be published, Nov. 18. *$4.00*

MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS

By JAMES B. HERRICK, M.D. A famous doctor relives an absorbing era in the history of modern medicine.
Illustrated, $5.00

PAVLOV, A BIOGRAPHY

By B. P. BABKIN, M.D. The life and work of the renowned scientist, told by his pupil, assistant, and friend.
Illustrated, $6.00

At all bookstores, **THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

BRUSH OFF YOUR SHAKESPEARE

WHEN Greta Garbo appeared in "Ninotchka," the advertisements trembled with excitement. "GARBO LAUGHS!!" they shouted. The fact that she could laugh, and laugh delectably, was held to be news of that sensational kind which makes headlines scream. Apparently many of Maurice Evans's admirers are equally surprised to discover that in "The Browning Version"* he not only can but does wear modern clothes.

Until they saw him in mufti in the first of the two one-acts by Terence Rattigan which Mr. Evans is now presenting as a double bill, Americans had never before seen him out of costume. John Tanner in "Man and Superman" was his nearest approach to appearing in modern dress on this side of the Atlantic. Although they had applauded him, roundly and rightly, as Napoleon in "St. Helena" and the Dauphin in "Saint Joan," it was mainly with Romeo, Richard II, Falstaff, Malvolio, Macbeth, and Hamlet that they associated him. In the public mind, therefore, Mr. Evans had come to be thought of as a Shakespearean actor. This is the cruel penalty he had risked for having rescued the Bard from the classroom on more than one triumphant occasion.

Now to be a Shakespearean actor is (again in the public mind) to belong to a race apart. The perils faced are no less great than is the prestige won. Since theatregoers are even more apt than managers to surrender to the temptations of type-casting, it is as hard for an actor to live down Shakespeare as it is to live up to him. Tights are supposed to be the Shakespearean player's native habitat and capes his daily protection against the elements. Audiences are anxious to believe the iambic pentameter is so much the natural rhythm of his speech that he employs it, plus the attendant "methinks," "sirrahs," "zounds," and "thou's," even when hailing a taxi or ordering ham and eggs. His every gesture is assumed to be heroic in scale. Give him a sofa instead of a Savonarola chair, a bier, or a gilded throne, and there are those who believe he would flounder like a goldfish on the carpet. His voice is expected to be an instrument, if not a whole orchestra. It is taken for granted that, if at one moment he can outroar a lion, at the next he can outcoo a dove.

When in "A Harlequinade" a bewigged Mr. Evans appeared at the opening in the familiar habiliments of Romeo and started to spout, "He jests of scars that never felt a wound," some people out front must have felt the relief which comes from the native's return. Here he was once again, according to audience expectation, with poetry erupting from his lips. Here he was not only in tights but also in full command of that famous drought-curing diction of his which can soar and sing to give the supremest poet's verses their proper song. Yet, by the time of his entrance in this second of Mr. Rattigan's one-acts, few first-nighters could have failed to realize that, fine Shakepearean actor though he is, Mr. Evans is a performer whose gifts are not restricted either to Shakespeare or to costume parts. They must have sensed something else, too. They must have been agreeably aware that, as the harassed English schoolteacher in "The Browning Version," Mr. Evans had buried a tradition which, more than being a myth, is a canard.

—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

Maurice Evans and Edna Best—"He closes and padlocks the case on his harp."

Mr. Rattigan's long one-act drama is realism at its most merciless. In spite of the limitations inherent in the short-play form, the same skill Mr. Rattigan displayed in "The Winslow Boy" is present in the writing of "The Browning Version." It is an interesting study of that favorite English character, a teacher in a public school, in this case the most chipped of Mr. Chipses.

He is a man whose life and career have been destroyed by a wife mean enough to have stepped out of the pages of Strindberg. Her infidelities, frequent though they have been, must be counted among her lesser cruelties. She is one of those cannibals who feeds not on the flesh but on the pride and self-esteem of a victim. She hates her husband and causes him to hate himself. If as an older and a broken man he has become so unpopular at his school that he has been denied promotion, and indeed has lost his job, it is because his wife has made him distrustful of any expression of affection. He has reached the point when he shrinks from being liked. By his own confession he has been dead spiritually for twenty years.

JUST why Mr. Rattigan chose to subject his theme to the almost inescapable compressions, hence artificialities, of the one-act mold is hard to understand. An absorbing long play clearly lurks in his materials. Yet, considering the elbow-room and scope he has elected to deny himself, I must admit Mr. Rattigan has done an expert and a moving job. At all times he is aided by his actors. Edna Best is as stabbing as an icicle as the heartless wife. Ron Randell is admirable as her lover, who, seeing through her, has come to loathe her. Louis Hector is excellent as the pompous headmaster. And Peter Scott-Smith (the sole member of the original London company) is completely persuasive as the student with a squeaky voice who, out of affection, gives the teacher as a farewell present a copy of the Browning version of the "Agamemnon."

The performance of the evening, however, is Mr. Evans's. The diehards, who insist once a Shakespearean actor always a Shakespearean actor, may point out that he is protected by the script inasmuch as it requires the schoolmaster to speak in a fashion ornate enough to be parodied by his pupils. But Mr. Evans, though his diction remains impeccable, never once employs those rounded tones with which he meets Shakespeare's or even Shaw's demands. He

THE BROWNING VERSION, followed by A HARLEQUINADE, two one-act plays by Terence Rattigan. Directed by Peter Glenville. Settings by Frederick Stover. Costumes by David Ffolkes. Presented by Maurice Evans in association with Stephen Mitchell. With casts including Maurice Evans, Edna Best, Ron Randell, Bertha Belmore, Louis Hector, Peter Scott-Smith, Frederick Bradlee, Patricia Wheel, Bertram Tanswell, Harry Sothern, etc. At the Coronet Theatre, New York City. Opened October 12, 1949.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

omits the vocal excursions and alarums. He closes and padlocks the case on his harp.

The man who created Raleigh in "Journey's End" in London twenty years ago, and who by the Thames had appeared in a long list of realistic plays, comes back to realism as if he had never broken away from it. He sees deeply into the heart, the mind, and the misery of the crushed and pathetic little man he is playing. He makes clear what is shriveled in his spirit. He communicates his self-control, his loneliness, and the hatred smoldering within him. Mr. Evans turns his back resolutely on the grand tradition. His characterization is projected in terms of small details, well observed and quietly stated. His are the pipe-smoking, sherry-serving, pocket-reaching gestures common to everyday life.

As for "A Harlequinade," which is a rough-and-tumble farce about two famous actors at a rehearsal in the provinces of "Romeo and Juliet," perhaps the less said the better. It begins hilariously with some wonderful backstage foolishness about Romeo's decision, after all these years of playing the balcony scene, to introduce a little jump onto a platform during his apostrophe to Juliet. But, thereafter, as its nonsense becomes more and more nonsensical, the laughter runs out of it like air from a child's balloon.

What makes the evening well worth the seeing is "The Browning Version." That and the Mr. Evans who in it proves himself to be as much at home in mufti as he ever was in tights.

* * *

Some time ago (*SRL* Oct. 1) I reviewed "White Heat." I cannot resist this week quoting from a letter I received from one of our best known and most esteemed playwrights, whose name I will not reveal. On the subject of James Cagney's latest gangster film he raises some highly provocative points.

"For once I am going to accuse you of pulling your punches. 'White Heat,' you say, 'does raise its disturbing problems.' Hell, it's terrifying! It is a long time since I have been as shocked as I was by the audience reaction, and by the hypocrisy and double-standard censorship principles that it showed up.

"The 'teen-age' reaction, on the occasion when I saw it, was that of delighted laughter when Cagney carelessly shot air-holes into the suffocating man in the rumble-seat of the car. It wasn't anything like hysterical laughter—it was the laughter of sheer pleasure, and lack of imagination. Censorship has forbidden the actual

This Pulitzer Prize Winner has his say

ROBERT PENN WARREN, *Author of "All The King's Men"*

"I have just seen 'All The King's Men' and I want to tell you how impressed I am. All of the main characters, and many of the minor ones, came startlingly alive for me. I say startlingly, because when I first saw the picture I thought of them as people inwardly alive, coming before me in their own right. In a way, it was like going back to the first, fresh idea of the book, before I had written a word.

"Where the characterizations departed from my own original ideas, as is sometimes the case, I felt it to be in accordance with a new and equally valid logic which the characters and director had discovered. I felt that they had revealed to me new aspects and new possibilities of the material. And as for the atmosphere, the general feeling of the picture—that, too is effectively done. In this picture, I think, there is intensity without tricks and pretensions, and always a sense of truth: such a thing as this could happen in a world like this."

Robert Penn Warren

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
ROBERT ROSSEN'S PRODUCTION of
ALL THE KING'S MEN

Based upon the Pulitzer Prize Novel "All The King's Men"
by Robert Penn Warren

with Broderick CRAWFORD • Joanne DRU • John IRELAND • John DEREK • Mercedes McCAMBRIDGE

Written for the Screen and Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN

STARTS TUESDAY NOVEMBER 8

Victoria THEATRE
Broadway & 46th Street
Late Shows Nightly
Continuous Performances

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:25

Would you like 2 tickets for "Mister Roberts" in your morning mail?
Tickets for "Mister Roberts" are not hard to get, if you plan ahead. Sit down at your desk and write us a note, enclosing a check or money order for the locations and dates you want. It's that simple.
HENRY FONDA stars in "MISTER ROBERTS"
with Henry Hull, William Harrigan and Murray Hamilton
Evenings: $4.80, $4.20, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday: $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Tax Included.
Please give alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
ALVIN THEATRE 240 W. 52nd St. N. Y. 19

"Incomparably the finest comedy of the season." —Atkinson, Times
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
MARTITA HUNT in
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
JEAN GIRAUDOUX'S Comedy
Adapted by MAURICE VALENCY
with JOHN CARRADINE • ESTELLE WINWOOD
ROYALE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A Big and Colorful Show" —MOREHOUSE, Sun
The BERLIN · SHERWOOD · HART Musical
Miss Liberty
Dances staged by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

picturing of people receiving wounds or shots: the fist and the recipient cannot, I believe, ever be shown in the same shot: all horrors are to be avoided on the screen. And with what result? All the horrors and ugliness of murder are removed, and the unimaginative audiences see it only as great fun. I am reminded of De Stogumber in 'Saint Joan,' who had actually to watch Joan burning at the stake to be aware of what it was like, and of what he had done. 'I tell my folks they must be very careful. I say to them: "If you only saw what you think about, you would think quite differently about it." ... I did not know what cruelty was like. I had not seen it, you know. That is the great thing: you must see it. And then you are redeemed and saved.'

"On that ground alone, the film seems to me a profoundly immoral and cheating one. I don't think that your argument about 'art and censorship' can quite hold water, since art implies a point of view, and I see none at all in this picture other than to get the maximum entertainment out of the maximum violence.

"Then, too, what is the movie censorship about, when it forbids the use of the word 'damn,' even forbids the mention of the names of cocktails and alcoholic drinks (I once had to have a character ask for 'one of those things with an olive in it,' not being allowed to mention a Martini)—forbids the portrayal of sexual passion—and permits this? It is useless to pretend that the poetic justice of bringing the sinner to his doom at the end is anything but an insincere lip-service postscript (which the audience recognizes as hypocrisy, not to be taken seriously), as you yourself indicate.

"Heroines who sin have to be punished, too—but I wonder what would be the fate of a picture in which the heroine's sins were as graphically and entertainingly portrayed as Cagney's are, no matter WHAT end she came to. OR in which she even had as many lovers as Cagney has victims. A morality which thinks sex-indulgence worse than murder has surely got something very wrong with it."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

TOWN HALL
Sun. Eve., Nov. 13 at 8:30
"At last brings back the the days of Melba, Tetrazzini and Chaliapin."—London Times
Jennie Tourel
Song Recitalist Supreme
In a Program Inimitably Jennie Tourel Schubert, Mozart, Mussorgsky (Songs and Dances of Death) Bizet, Liszt, Poulenc
Paul Berl at Baldwin Columbia Records

Pulitzer Prize 1949 Critics' Award 1949
death of a Salesman
Morosco Theatre West 45th St.

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE present
RALPH BELLAMY in
"DETECTIVE STORY"
By SIDNEY KINGSLEY
with ANNE BURR
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"SUPERIOR THEATRE."—Atkinson, Times
MAURICE Evans EDNA Best
in Terence Rattigan's New Plays
"The Browning Version"
and A Harlequinade
CORONET THEA. 49 St. W. of B'way
EVGS 8:40. MATS WED & SAT 2:40

SAINT SUBBER & LEMUEL AYERS present
ALFRED DRAKE PATRICIA MORISON
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY • SHUBERT THEA, CHICAGO

AMERICAN PREMIERE
SYDNEY BOX
Producer of "Quartet" presents
"THE FACTS OF LOVE"
An Adult Delight!
embassy CINEMA
Plus an Exclusive ROBERT BENCHLEY Festival!
PARK AVE. AT 42nd ST. MU 7-8723
Continuous Performances

"THE SEASON'S SENSATION."—Coleman, Mirror
MAE WEST as "Diamond Lil"
PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

daughter's career as an artist's model. The hoped-for wealth and success do not materialize and Adriana would have settled for a decent husband and family if her first lovers had not turned out to be unhappily married husbands who, instead of leading her to the altar, led her down the primrose path. Be that as it may, Adriana astonishes both herself and the reader with her predisposition for the new life and the ease with which she adjusts herself to it.

Thereafter Adriana manages to keep quite busy with a string of affairs, but only one man arouses a serious love in her. That man is Mino, a law student and the black sheep of a land-owning family, who joins in a plot against Mussolini's Government. The greater part of the book is devoted to this unreciprocated love affair, which the author tries to plumb to its Dostoievskian depths; unfortunately, he succeeds only in creating some tortuous erotica.

It would seem that toward the last pages of this unhurried and interest-sustaining novel the author had grown weary and finished things off with a few quick strokes of the pen. Adriana becomes pregnant and deceives Mino into believing that he is the father. Meanwhile Mino has betrayed his friends by turning informer, but the news that he is pater familias does little to cheer him up as is evident by the fact that he proceeds to blow out his morbid brains. However, he leaves a letter which Adriana is to forward to his wealthy family, who are then to provide for the child. This enables Adriana to look to the future with confidence and to take a climactic vow of chastity—the same vow she has broken several times before in the course of her career.

As a character study Adriana is quite fascinating—a woman who is never really certain whether she is chasing or being chased by a lustful satyr. No doubt a touch of nymphomania makes the account of her career assume an almost esthetic veneer, whereas the tradition of this kind of naturalistic novel calls for emphasis on the sordid and inevitable physical and mental deterioration of the scarlet woman. However, the toll taken by poverty, innocence, loneliness, and environment is sufficiently considered to make "The Woman of Rome" a sincere effort at understanding a serious problem.

HOME TOWN BOOSTER

What the prosperity of the Telephone Company means to thousands of people and communities

Your Bell Telephone Company does more than provide good telephone service. Directly and indirectly, it touches some part of the business life and prosperity of almost everybody in town.

It is essentially a local enterprise. It is managed by home-town people. Its employees are home-town people. In your neighborhood—perhaps on your own street—are also people who have invested their savings in the telephone business.

Matter of fact, about one family in every 35 in the country has someone who works for the Bell System or has money invested in it.

Many more people, outside the telephone business, also get some part of their livelihood from it. Not only do telephone people buy from local merchants but the company itself is a large purchaser of local materials and supplies. Last year, Western Electric—the manufacturing unit of the Bell System—bought from 27,000 different concerns in 2800 cities and towns.

Since the war, Bell Telephone Companies have invested more than $4,000,000,000 in new facilities. This money has been spent to improve telephone service and to meet heavy postwar demands. It has meant work and jobs for people in many lines.

Your telephone company wants to keep right on moving ahead . . . improving service, making an important contribution to prosperity.

Future progress depends, of course, on adequate telephone rates. Rates are still low. The increases granted so far, plus those now requested, are generally far less than the increases in most other things in recent years. They average only a penny or so per call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

THE FRENCH ART SHOWS

PARIS.

SINCE a year and a half ago, when I was here last, France seems impressively changed. The change is dramatically signalized by the sight of Caen from the Cherbourg boat train. In 1948 that distinguished town lay dusty and contorted, its terrible scars of war exposed and seemingly untended. Today, however, large new buildings are rising in its streets, and there is sound, movement, and, one imagines, hope. On the train itself the bread is whiter, and soon will be further enriched; the fixed menu includes an additional course. Arriving in Paris one senses at once a revival of energy and spirits. There are more people and cars on the streets; the shops are well stocked, even though the tourist rush is over; the city is lighter, cleaner, more aggressively its beautiful self. The food and wine are superb. There are expositions and conferences everywhere, among them a Conférence Téléphonique Internationale, whose main business, I trust, will be publicly to boil in oil one-third of the city's switchboard operators.

I began the art rounds at once, equipped with the excellent trade journal *Arts*, published by the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. I went first, since it is closing soon, to the exhibition of Picasso's very recent paintings at the Musée de la pensée française. The display is disturbing. Picasso, clearly the leading master of our time, shows sixty-five oils, without frames, in a hopelessly crowded space. It is said that the painter himself, weary of the art trade's expensive beatification of his works, insisted on this kind of installation. He was wrong to do so, I think, but more seriously in error in allowing most of the pictures to be exhibited at all. Of the sixty-five paintings, three or four are excellent, four or five are interesting, the rest are slap-dash works which lack even virtuosity—the least of the great man's claims on our attention.

If Picasso does not try hard enough these days, as the present exhibition would perhaps unfairly indicate, his disciples sometimes try too hard. In the hall leading to his show are paintings by his young comrades in the Resistance; they seem feeble and derivative works almost without exception. But perhaps the installation and bad lighting are again partly to blame. Certainly I have never seen modern sculpture look worse than it does in the very large exhibition "Sculpture in France from Rodin to the Present," which concurrently fills the second floor and the garden of the Musée de la pensée française. There are fine works in the exhibition, but the confusion, clutter, and lack of cohesive standards are lamentable. Many of the indoor pieces are impossible to see properly. No checklist or catalogue is available and, to remedy this oversight, a number of the artists or their friends (in some cases it might well have been their enemies) have scribbled or gouged identifying names on the pedestals. I hope no neophyte will make up his mind about modern sculpture from the tawdry and careless evidence provided by this show.

Can anyone form a fair idea of the newer Parisian art by visiting the Salon d'Automne, which has just opened? I doubt it. There are 1,716 items, counting paintings, sculpture, drawings, and prints, and including memorial galleries for a number of artists lately dead. The most famous of the latter is Othon Friesz, whose international reputation seems totally inexplicable in view of the heavy and stingy talent revealed by his pictures at the Salon (and they are among his best). The chaos at the Salon is great, though with patience and strong legs one can learn much, most of it dispiriting so far as the works by the postwar generation are concerned. I found the large gallery of semi-abstract paintings by Gischia, Manessier, Marchand, Pignon, Tal-Coat, and others, the most interesting. Also notable, and by less familiar artists, were a huge romantic hunting scene by Lorjou and a rather gripping expressionist image, "The Poor Fisherman," by Antoine Martinez.

For the French public, the problem of judging this year's Salon must be especially hard in that it has become a political battleground. The war begins outside its doors on the Avénue Président Wilson, where the various art and literary journals are urged on the visitor. The paper most conspicuously brandished on opening day was *Les lettres françaises*, a Communist-dominated organ. It has a long article on the Salon by Jean Marcenac which I wish could be reprinted in America, if only for the special edification of Rep. George A. Dondero, of Michigan, who is so stubbornly convinced that Communist art and "modern" art are one and the same subversive thing.

M. Marcenac begins his attack on "modern" (specifically, abstract) art much as Rep. Dondero began his tirade in Congress—by claiming quite falsely that nobody wants it, at least not for coin of the realm. Abstract paintings are "unsalable today," says M. Marcenac. He adds: "The abstract painters have not understood that what one bought from them—and what one will buy less and less,because today abstraction is no longer enough—was their silence. . . . In a world where the people who are the clients of art dealers belong to a social category of which the least that can be said is that reality gives it neither reason nor hope, in such a world since painters cannot be prevented from painting, they can at least be led to painting nothingness." Has M. Marcenac tried to buy a cubist Picasso or a late Mondrian recently? The prices are very high, the demand very active. Does he seriously imagine that these artists were "led" to create what they did?

YOU can see where M. Marcenac's argument is leading—straight to the politico-social realism which he reproduces almost exclusively on his pages. Art, he says, "must be a language understood by everyone." As spearhead for his contention, he chooses a large recent painting by Fougeron—"the entire people understand it." The picture is entitled "Homage to Houlier," Houlier being, in M. Marcenac's words, "a militant Communist, veteran of two wars, assassinated at fifty-nine for having defended the peace." M. Marcenac calls the picture a milestone in French history painting, and points out that it breaks completely with Fougeron's earlier, abstract style. He does not add what seems to me evident: that the picture owes much to Balthus, who long before the war turned to a comparable, mannerist figure painting, though without political overtones.

Nevertheless, Fourgeron's picture is an interesting work (I am sorry not to be able to reproduce it here, but

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whereas photographs of other paintings were available at the Salon to everyone who had the modest price, this negative belongs to *Les lettres françaises* and apparently to them alone). If Balthus seems a much finer artist than Fougeron, it is not because he is less politically minded, but because what he says is stronger, more personal, and better expressed. There is nothing the matter with social realism as such in art; it has produced some of the greatest images of the past, and will do so again in the future —provided it springs from individual conviction instead of organized factional pressure. But what is dangerously wrong is its champions' insistence that it is the *only* true direction for artists to take. And today in Paris the political atmosphere among artists is so tense that values have become raucous and distorted. I find it hard to believe that the new generation will discover its own identifying style until the current political crisis has abated somewhat.

After the polemics of the Salon, it is a relief to visit the calm galleries of the Petit Palais, where the French masterpieces of the Louvre, up to the impressionists, are now installed. While there were definite advantages in being able to see these pictures in the wider context of the prewar Louvre, now at least one discovers qualities and comparison never suspected before. The jewels follow one after another, beginning with the fifteenth-century Fouquets and ending with Lautrec's "Mail Coach at Nice" —that vigorous little picture, reeling with elegance, its fashionable turbulence contrasting sharply with Géricault's romantic image of primitive brute strength, "The Race of the Wild Horses." The sixteenth-century mannerist pictures at the Petit Palais are superbly chosen, the eighteenth-century Watteaus and Chardins of top rank mostly. But what makes the exhibition especially exciting is that it reveals how greatly the seventeenth century in French art has been strengthened by the fairly recent rediscovery of Georges de la Tour, the subject of a handsome new monograph by François-Georges Pariset. Whereas once Poussin and Claude seemed that century's chief French ornaments, now they share honors with De la Tour. They share them, too, with the brothers Le Nain, by whom additional works have lately come to light. Thus the French tradition becomes more and more impressive with the years. at the Musée du Jeu de Paume, its late-nineteenth-century flowering is illustrated by the "Masters of Impressionism" exhibition, inaugurated after the recent war.

—*Jean Fouquet.*

"The jewels follow one after another . . ."

At the Orangerie des Tuileries, the large Gauguin show of the summer continues, jammed to the doors at all hours of the day. For me, Gauguin has always been by far the weakest of the post-impressionist four—Cézanne, Van Gogh, Seurat, and himself. I still feel that is his rank, and that the legend about him, so largely created by "The Moon and Sixpence," has over-inflated his fame. Nevertheless, this is a fine show, and includes a number of unfamiliar works which confirm, though they do not increase, Gauguin's considerable stature. What is especially evident is his tendency to wobble at separate times toward various of his greater contemporaries. But then again he hits his own stride, and paints those flat, brilliant pictures which meant so much to innumerable artists everywhere at the end of his and the beginning of our own century. Perhaps his finest early disciples were Vuillard and Bonnard, whose large decorative panels are shown at Bernheim Jeune.

Numerous shows are scheduled to open soon, among them the Salon des Tuileries, the Salon des Surindépendants, and a retrospective Léger exhibition at the Musée d'Art Moderne, which will be followed by one for the English sculptor Henry Moore. I hope to report on these events at a later date. Meanwhile, it is to be noted that there are more art bookshops than ever before, that the Café Flore is often so crowded that not even an existentialist can be sure of a table, that magazines devoted to *la belle poitrine* and kindred subjects are reappearing on the stands as postwar austerity relaxes, that the weather is wonderful, that Paris as I said, as someone, God willing, will always be saying, is very beautiful by day and night.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES • INC
NEW YORK
Announces the Opening of Its New Building at
980 MADISON AVE
[76-77th Street]
Saturday, November 12
ON FREE PUBLIC VIEW FROM NOVEMBER 12
The Library of the Late
EMERY L. FERRIS
XVII-XVIII Century English Literature
Including the FOUR FOLIOS OF SHAKESPEARE
Illustrated Catalog $1.00
Sale November 21-23 at 2 p.m.

retreat from likeness in the theory of painting
2nd edition revised and enlarged
By FRANCES BRADSHAW BLANSHARD
An intriguing approach to abstract painting which reveals its roots in the history and philosophy of past ages. Illustrated. 4 color plates. $3.50
At all bookstores
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Morningside Heights, New York 27
Publishers of THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND** books supplied; also genealogies, town histories, incomplete sets completed, back numbers all magazines, etc. **All subjects, all languages.** Send us your list of book-wants—no obligation. We report quickly. Lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at publishers' prices postpaid.*)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. S, New York 19, N. Y.
We also buy old books, magazines, prints, letters, documents, etc. Send us your list.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From "Modern Painters."

"The Disasters of War," by Goya.

The Mind of Goya

THIS I SAW. By Antonina Vallentin. New York: Random House. 871 pp. $5.

By Walter Pach

WHEN, because of the Civil War in Spain, the masterpieces of the Prado Museum were sent for safekeeping to Switzerland, Bernard Berenson remarked before the works of Goya, "With him you have the beginning of our modern anarchy." If that last word troubles you, try substituting dynamism, revolution, or the like. But at least you will agree with Mr. Berenson that Goya stands on the dividing line between a past and a future.

His latest biographer, Antonina Vallentin, is no new hand when it comes to the study of extraordinary personalities, for in her "Leonardo da Vinci" she had to deal with some of the supreme problems of the human mind. And in the book before us it is the mind of its subject which most interests the author. The incidents of his exciting career are retold in a way that indicates a new study of source material, and credit is due for the caution exercised as to sensational incidents. In Goya's case there is a plethora of such material, but Mme. Vallentin has had the good sense and the good taste to reject many of the early legends when they could not be supported by real documentation. The result, especially for the earlier life of the great painter, is to show him as a steady and sober aspirant for excellence in his art, instead of the "great lover" and adventurer of the romanticized biographies, thus attaining a thoroughly credible portrait of the man. His career of eighty-two years, during which he went from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to the highest rank as painter to the kings and great nobles of Spain, is accounted for in detail which includes a dramatic recital of the effects of the total deafness which overtook him in middle life, his relationship with the soul-stirring events of Napoleon's fatal War of the Peninsula, and the final exile to France which the artist imposed upon himself when a Bourbon reactionary again mounted the throne of his country.

In giving the background against which the drama of Goya's art was enacted, the author makes searching inquiry into matters like the relationship of the painter to the politically awakening masses of mankind, to the devastating power of the Inquisition, and to the question of religion itself. If Spanish Catholicism was so deep-rooted that even a man of Goya's fierce independence habitually made the sign of the cross on the paper which was to receive his drawings or writings, he also composed "a satire in pictures, if not against the Church itself, at least against the abuses and repressions of which the Church was guilty."

From the standpoint of psychology—that of the man and his period—the book may be read with profit. But, after all, the essential thing about an artist is his art; and it was because of the quality of Goya's painting that Berenson made the suggestive remark above quoted. Mme. Vallentin is sensitive to the quality of paint on canvas, to color, and to composition. So that, when—in his youth—her hero was not yet able to meet his pictorial problems, she says so without hesitation. The very uneven merit of his work throughout his later life is likewise dealt with in unsparing fashion, her shrewd observation being that the range of his portraits—from dull failure to dazzling success—is to be measured, in large part, by his interest in his sitters.

Granting that such preoccupation with subject matter affected the work of many artists of the past, one is indeed led to give weight to those words "modern anarchy" when one sees how much of Goya's value resides in matter of pure expression. A Titian of only mediocre appeal as a human document may still be a nearly complete gospel of painting. Not so a Goya, for it lacks the foundation of the central hearth of European art which makes Italy, and, later on, France the inheritors of the Greeks, and even of the predecessors of that supreme people.

So that Mme. Vallentin, emphasizing Goya's anticipation of the modern sense of landscape, and uttering such sentences as "Impressionism is born," is right in devoting the space she does to the enigmas contained in Goya's etchings. Often explained, they still defy complete explanation, as does a panel with which the artist, in his old age, decorated a wall of his house. "It is the essay of a painter no longer addressing himself directly to the human eye. It is suggestion: like waves of music, this painting calls directly upon human sensibility. But it is also the end of an art governed by certain immutable laws of vision: an impasse, not a road."

The statement is a bold one, as are all statements that would set limitations upon the course of genius. Who knows? If even the glorious lifetime of Goya was not enough to solve the problems which he imagined for art, perhaps "modern dynamism" (the variant I proposed for Berenson's phrase) has carried his work on to new success.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Voice of Eternity

IN OUR IMAGE: Character Studies from the Old Testament. With a foreword by Kent Cooper and color portraits by Guy Rowe. New York: Oxford University Press. 197 *pp.* $10.

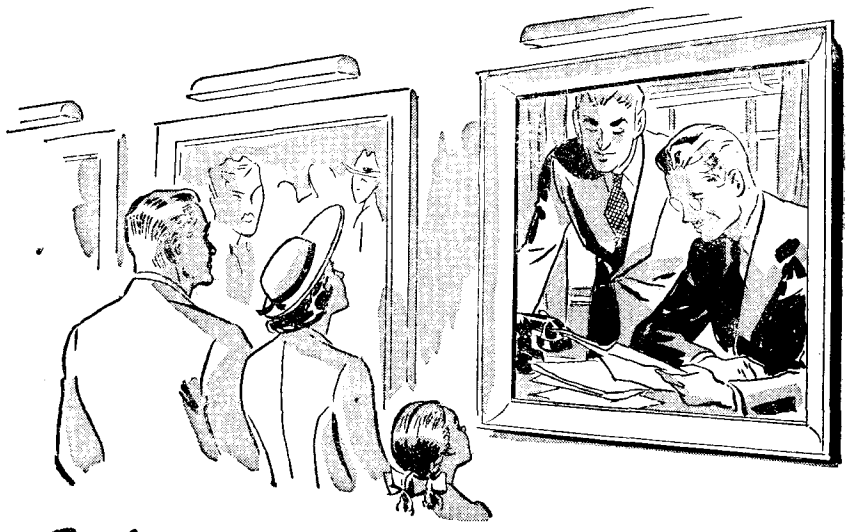
By Pierre van Paassen

IT IS easy, perhaps, to discover books in running brooks, and sermons in stones, or in a dish of fresh peas, but to find a sermon in contemporary faces and to invest that sermon with something of the still, small voice of eternity, is a more difficult matter. Yet this is what Guy Rowe has done in this impressive volume in which appear seventy-five of his illustrations of the best-known characters of the Old Testament.

There is an element of the unexpected about these portraits, in spite of the fact that many of the faces must seem rather familiar to anyone who, as Mr. Rowe is said to have done, has frequented contemporary Jewish circles to find his originals. To a person brought up on the glorified innocuity and insipidness of Bible faces found in the conventional Sunday School illustrations, Mr. Rowe's characters may well come as a shock. His Moses and Solomon are human. They have human faces, not the faces of slightly damaged and discolored saints. It is an exhilarating experience to meet his Joshua and his Ruth. One may well be somewhat fearful to approach the Jeremiah and Isaiah of certain contemporary theological treatises. But one would never hesitate long, one feels, to try to strike up a conversation with Mr. Rowe's prophets on the subject of the tension between East and West, or on the skein of international intrigue and power politics in which their own country is tangled up till this very day.

You can see in these faces that the men and women of antiquity were not the ethereal, almost otherworldly creatures they are so often made out to be. For one thing they had a sense of humor. They had not lost the capacity to be amused at the vicissitudes and problems of their time. Moses, of whom we too often are led to think as a stern judge and an austere lawgiver, laughs outright. And, incidentally, his teeth could very well serve as an advertisement for the toothpaste used in the Sinaian desert 4,000 years ago. There is a sly twinkle in Gideon's eye as beseems a man who so effectively fooled his country's enemies with the famous trick of the cracking crocks.

Joshua is in a perplexing quandary



We're always on EXHIBITION

People are continually taking a careful look at the way we run The Mutual Life, but we don't mind. In fact, we *ask* our policyholders and the public for comments through periodic surveys. Their suggestions have helped us to manage the Company in their best interests.

Of course, details of our operations are public information, on file with the Insurance Departments of all states in which we do business. For example, each year we submit a complete report in a prescribed manner to 47 states and the District of Columbia. Once every three years a thorough examination of our operations is made by a special committee appointed by the Insurance Commissioners of the various states. Moreover our books are audited annually by C.P.A.'s.

To keep our more than 1,000,000 policyholders informed about their Company, we send *each one* a complete, but easy-to-read, annual report of our operations.

While many of the steps we take to keep the public informed about our business are required by law, we enthusiastically endorse those requirements. For we are responsible for the financial security of more than 1,000,000 American families, and we believe that responsibility includes divulging all important facts about our business.

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

34 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

A courageous novel about a woman who finds her own way back to sanity . . .

THE TUNNEL

a novel by
BAYNARD KENDRICK
author of The Flames of Time

$3.00 everywhere Charles Scribner's Sons

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinking out the strategy to be employed in slipping the Hebraic tribes into the land of Canaan, a feat on a par with the landing of the American Army on Anzio beach. Samson whispers his last vengeful whisper to the boy in Dagon's temple as the Philistine grandees in the background rile and jeer at his blindness, little suspecting that in the next instant he will bring the house down on their heads.

The picture of Abraham shows a disconcerted, desperately pleading old man, with a gesture of the hands familiar to all who knew the late Dr. Stephen S. Wise. Mr. Rowe's Abraham evidently is contending and wrestling with the Eternal One for the sake of Sodom: "If peradventure there are five righteous men in the city, will the Judge of all the world not do right?" One cannot help wishing we had another Abraham, as passionately concerned with the future of the human race, sitting in the Council of the U.N., or a Jeremiah excoriating the smugness, the self-satisfaction, and the godlessness of the present age.

They were human, those prophets, as Mr. Rowe shows them. But they were also terrible men; terrible in the sense the Italians give to the word and as they apply it to Michelangelo and Dante and Julius II, *i. e.*, great, colossal, passionately in earnest, God-intoxicated.

They spoke with a moral elevation that cannot be found in the language of any other people of antiquity. Their words are for all times and for all conditions of men. The words and acts of these prophets will go ringing through the universe till the end of time, even if, as James Darmstetter once said, "the people of Israel should disappear from the scene, and leave not a trace of their passage through history."

I know of nothing sadder than the intellectual wounds of many of the more thoughtful of the younger generation who are estranged from the Bible. Their sadness arises from that bitterest and most desolate feeling of the human heart: "They have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him." It is the merit of Guy Rowe to have brought the greatest teachers of mankind back before us in graphic, realistic form. His paintings ought to tempt many to learn what it was these prophets and sages said and did.

Pierre van Paassen, minister of a New York City Unitarian Church, is the author of "Days of Our Years," "Earth Could Be Fair," and the recently published "Why Jesus Died."

Hudnut: Educator & Architect

ARCHITECTURE AND THE SPIRIT OF MAN. By Joseph Hudnut. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 301 pp. $4.50.

By William Lescaze

THIS is a collection of twenty-four pleasant conversation pieces. One by one they reveal an intelligent and cultured man who in his youth absorbed and enjoyed the then omnipresent conventional teaching of academic architecture, who took pleasure in designing a few Gothic churches, and who became dean, successively, of two of our more important schools of architecture.

During his educational career, Mr. Hudnut has been confronted with many restive students—students who could not accept the "irrevelancies" of academic architectural education, and whenever he opened the Roman windows of his university rooms he could see on the horizon the approach of modern architecture throughout the land. Being wise and quick, he responded; I am referring to his success—this, a decisive stroke of genius—in convincing the Harvard trustees to let him make Gropius the head of Harvard's Graduate School of Design. Unfortunately, that story is not told in this book.

There isn't any doubt that Mr. Hudnut loves buildings. At a time when cities are often derided, I am grateful to him that he writes so well about his love of cities. In Mr. Hudnut's essays you will find some charming descriptions of beauty, of form, of architecture. Personally, I had looked forward to a more decisive and positive statement. Since Mr. Hudnut can write with such felicity ("There must be many of us who, knowing the latent power of architecture for human happiness, wish for an architecture which is no longer a dead art.") I had naturally hoped that he might communicate to his readers a more sustained and wholehearted enthusiasm and conviction.

For many years I have been convinced that if people were to become aware of architecture, to the extent to which eighteenth-century people were, we might more quickly achieve a valid architecture of our time. Mr. Hudnut's book will help, in such chapters as "The Gothik Universities"—"The Last of the Romans"—"Architecture and Men of Science"—"Only the Living Remember"; but it may also confuse.

I for one strongly believe that there are "moral values" in architecture. Mr. Hudnut states that he does not. When Mr. Hudnut says, "The power

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

NEXT-TO-THE-LAST-LINES

Edward A. Schmerler, of Chevy Chase, Md., offers twenty "next-to-the-last" lines from Shakespearean sonnets and asks you to quote the last line. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of thirty is par, forty is very good, and fifty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. But were some child of yours alive that time. . . .
2. So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see. . . .
3. Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain. . . .
4. Oh learn to read what silent love hath writ. . . .
5. Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind. . . .
6. But if the while I think of thee, kind friend. . . .
7. If my slight muse do please these curious days. . . .
8. So, till the judgment that yourself arise. . . .
9. So true a fool is love, that in your will. . . .
10. I am to wait, though waiting so be hell. . . .
11. O! sure I am, the wits of former days. . . .
12. O none, unless this miracle have might. . . .
13. For as the sun is daily new and old. . . .
14. These offices, so oft as thou wilt look. . . .
15. You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen). . . .
16. Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege. . . .
17. And thou in this shall find thy monument. . . .
18. You are so strongly in my purpose bred. . . .
19. If this be error, and upon me prov'd. . . .
20. And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare. . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of form to enhance the quality of our lives must rest upon its identity with our lives," or, "Architecture is one of those means by which men enlarge the world by adding to it the qualities which satisfy that need for order and harmony," I do indeed agree and it could not have been said better. But when he suggests that, because of the confusions and dissonances which he believes to be the major characteristics of our times, we are not capable of carrying out master plans for our universities, much less for our cities, I cannot help but feel that Mr. Hudnut is not altogether sure of himself or of his contemporaries, and certainly not altogether trustful of the new architecture which he otherwise advocates; somehow he wants to play safe and keeps longing for the "good manners" of our grandmother's days. I have no objection to good manners, as such. As long as they are not false—like those of nineteenth-century architecture. It is overly generous of him indeed to say that the architects of that time "intended American traditions."

As an historian, Mr. Hudnut realizes that modern architecture is in the tradition of all great architectures. He also knows that modern architects did not invent functionalism or space (evident in Versailles, a Baroque church, or a Greek temple); but that they had to clear the architectural air and restate the fundamentals in order to reconquer the right to create—not to copy, and to do so in terms of living men and contemporary technology.

There is one chapter I missed in Mr. Hudnut's book—who determines architecture and how? While it is not always true that a large building is necessarily a more significant work of architecture than a small house, clearly the large building—twenty or forty stories high—has more impact. Who decides to build large buildings today? Is not the selection of the architect one of the most decisive factors? What influences such a selection? Someone said that the only good novels were "novels written in the prose that risks." Does this not also apply to our buildings, the ones which Mr. Hudnut contemplates so quizzically, the ones with which all of us live?

William Lescaze, Swiss-born American citizen, is one of the leading exponents of modern architecture. He designed the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society building, among others, and received a silver medal for designing the Swiss Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. He is the author of "The Intent of the Artist."

Art Notes

GAINSBOROUGH, by Mary Woodall. Chanticleer. $2.75. Thomas Gainsborough, who was happiest painting landscapes, lived in an age before the charms of the English countryside were appreciated by the picture-buying public. To pay his butcher bills he turned to portrait painting, and his successful production of the worthies of his day eventually enabled him to enjoy a comfortable existence at London and Bath. The economic and other factors that shaped Gainsborough's career are carefully examined by Mary Woodall, always on the basis of reliable sources, which she has duly noted in her book. The result is a short, scholarly rather than a long, romantic biography. There are fifty illustrations, four of them in color.

THE MATERIALS OF THE ARTIST AND THEIR USE IN PAINTING, by Max Doerner. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50. This standard work, first published in English fifteen years ago and long the source for many others in the field, still remains the best handbook of the painter's craft. Although it is described by the publishers as a revised edition, relatively few changes have been made. The Doerner Institute in Munich, where his pupils have carried on his work since Dr. Doerner's death, has made a good deal of new material available but Professor Eugen Neuhaus, the translator, has made little use of it.

Professor Neuhaus is inclined to be overly cautious. More than twenty years ago Doerner said of titanium white, then a relatively new product: "A definite opinion is not yet possible." Wide use has since been made of the pigment, but in this new edition the statement remains unchanged. However, a few corrections have been made and an appendix converting the metric formulae to our standards, a great convenience, has been added.

RETREAT FROM LIKENESS IN THE THEORY OF PAINTING, by Frances Bradshaw Blanshard. Columbia. $3.50. Throughout history there has been a recurring tendency to judge painting by the closeness with which it mimics nature. Dr. Blanshard traces the revolt against such degeneration carefully and lucidly (providing documentation for those who desire it) from Plato's day to the present. Her book is the work of an uncommonly able scholar, whose sensitivity to the fine arts allows her full expression. About half of her text is devoted to the last half

SEND NO MONEY

7-DAY Trial Examination

NOW!

The New, Amazing

-WORD BANK-

Helps you write and speak with Vigor—Power—Interest—

NOW, here is *The Word Bank* to give punch, authority and profit to everything you write and say! This remarkable book is not a dictionary, not a thesaurus, not merely a book of synonyms. It is a brand-new *grouping of associated words.* It does not give room to weak words. It eliminates guessing. It absolutely *avoids cross-checking* as in other reference books. It arranges good, powerful, easily understood words in such a way that you can't help but use them to make you a better speaker and writer . . . and pull in the checks!

Read This Sample—A Small Glimpse of the Wealth in THE WORD BANK

HAPPY

favorable to a happy outcome	AUSPICIOUS
imparting great happiness	BEATIFIC
supremely happy	BLISSFUL
uplifted by happiness	BUOYANT
cheerful and warmly friendly	CORDIAL
happy in spirit	ELATED
energetically happy	EXUBERANT
happy at success	EXULTANT
appropriately happy	FELICITOUS
optimistically happy	SANGUINE
happy on account of victory	TRIUMPHANT

Yes, yours—in a single handy volume—scores of useful lists like this . . . always ready to spark and speed your writing. Here are just a few of the provocative headings:

A Person Who—	**Hateful**
Exaggerated	**Wise**
Terms Connected With Law	**Leader**
When We Speak of Sex	**Natural Science**
Expressing Approval	**Social Science**
Without Deception	**To Increase**

—and many, many others. Hundreds of classifications! Lists that will inspire you merely as you leaf through them!

Plus a section on useful prefixes and combining forms—technical and scientific sections—a complete index to every word—a Scan Key that will lead you to any idea you want in a few seconds . . . and more!

SIMPLE—LOGICAL—COMPLETE

You cannot "get lost" in *The Word Bank* . . . you cannot miss if the right word exists! Use this remarkable book when you write a story . . . an article . . . an advertisement . . . a lecture . . . a letter . . . a speech . . . a poem . . . anything! Use it to build up your vocabulary of *easily understood, workable* words. Carry it with you! *The Word Bank* always works—and works *fast.*

SEND NO MONEY

RECEIVE ON 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

Yes, take a whole week in which to refer your problems to *The Word Bank* . . . at *our* risk! Just fill in coupon and mail. Pay postman nothing. If delighted send only $3.00 (plus postage) otherwise, return the book within seven days and we will refund your full purchase price immediately!

We take the risk. *You* cannot lose

Order *today!*

THE RODALE PRESS
Dept. SRL-3
Emmaus, Penna.

There is plenty of risk in writing . . . there is *no* risk when you order a Rodale book!

THE RODALE PRESS — **MAIL COUPON NOW**
Dept. SRL-3, Emmaus, Pa.

Please send me **The Word Bank** on 7-Day FREE TRIAL. If delighted, I will send $3.00 (check or money order) plus postage. Otherwise I will return the book to you at your expense and owe nothing.

Name_____

Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

☐ Save postage. Send payment now. We then pay postage. Money back if not delighted. (Check or M.O.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century. There are eight aptly chosen, full-page reproductions, four of them in color. This new revised edition deserves far wider notice than was accorded the book when it was originally published four years ago.

AUDUBON'S AMERICAN BIRDS, introduction by Sacheverell Sitwell. Batsford. $2. This latest volume in the Batsford Color Book Series contains sixteen seven-by-nine-inch color plates reproduced directly from Audubon's "The Birds of America." In the dozen pages of Mr. Sitwell's highly literate introduction there is much engrossing information about the ornithologists, artists, painters, and engravers who contributed to early books on birds. There is also a brief note to point out the significance of each plate.

FLOWERS, introduction by Margaretta Salinger. Harper. $5. In two dozen pages Miss Salinger, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, provides a comprehensive discussion of flowers in paintings. Her essay is well done, considering that she is an accessory after the fact, apparently having no hand in the selection of the forty full-color, page-sized plates. These range from thirteenth-century religious paintings, when flowers were a symbolical adjunct, through the last three centuries, where flowers were frequently the chief subject of the artist. Paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Braque, *et. al.*, are reproduced in the volume to show the latter-day artist's concern with flowers.

TINTORETTO, by Hans Tietze. Phaidon. $7.50. This is another of those large, magnificent volumes Phaidon has been issuing for years, and again this one is printed in Austria as before the war. As usual, there is an authoritative text and an abundance of reproductions—300 of them, with several in color. Some of the larger murals are reproduced in one piece on fold-ins four and five pages wide in order to do them justice. In some instances enlarged details are provided.

Tintoretto's position on the cusp of the High Renaissance and the Baroque, as well as his relationship to his contemporaries, is deftly explored by Professor Tietze with modern scholarship in the sixty-odd-page text. To the critical catalogue of 300 items which follows, the author also brings his vast experience and authority.

—L. R. SANDER.

IN DEFENSE OF TALK

(*Continued from page* 11)

outside the United States than within, as well as much more fetichism of our luxury goods and gadgets, which we have long taken for granted. This poverty complex abroad, not a little flavored by sour grapes and stiff British pride, calls for more comprehension than annoyance. Yet the author's exaltation of the Attlee-Cripps Government as a great creative contribution to the world and a model for ourselves ("Britain will have overpaid her dues for Marshall aid when Americans realize what the new British way of life means") seems rather like praising that London boarding-house staple called cold shape as the epicure's delight. It is a modus vivendi but hardly the beau ideal.

No reader of this book or the latest symposium of the University of Illinois Institute of Communications Research, "Mass Communications," edited by Wilbur Schramm (Urbana, 1949), can miss the enormous effect of technology upon patterns of social intercourse or the senses through which ideas flowed. From the dawn of history down to the invention of printing the spoken word dominated human life and learning. Thereafter the eye began rapidly to gain upon the ear, speeded by democratic education. Early in the twentieth century film swung the channel of learning back toward the visual, until radio and the talkies came to redress the trend, and finally television arrived to hold both in balance. Television in particular fascinates Mr. Hogben: ". . . a language which transcends all barriers of natural speech. The world is its parish. . . . It broadcasts from the Tower of Babel to the winds of heaven the tocsin of the unity of mankind." Of course it, too, is a neutral instrument, as the author should not forget, equally effective in the hands of truth and justice or of divisive propaganda. Like the radioactive isotope, it is the symbol of an unlimited power for blessing or for injury.

Like most educators with imagination, Hogben dwells upon the vast new possibilities of learning from pictures. With this key one might unlock those doors of language which still shut the human race into various cells of isolation, suspicion, and ill-will. When pictures by-pass vocabularies, many of the differences between groups, including even those between highbrow and lowbrow, begin to shrink. The world of learning at once grows more democratically accessible, as it did with sound-writing and the invention of printing. Science, of course, since the times of Da Vinci and Vesalius has gone all out for teaching by pictures—the anatomical chart and botanical drawing, the diagram of electrical engineering, neurology, or nuclear physics —more accurate and more economical than words. To this art, film and television now add the dynamic element —time and action—and the future of education is bright with incredible promise. (A scientist like Professor Hogben seems almost eager to dismiss the value of literature; one cannot forbear reminding him that the effect of poetry can sometimes transcend even pictures.)

In 1925 Otto Neurath set up in Vienna the first institute of visual education by isotypes—those pictographs reduced to the bare essentials of recognition. The isotype in fact is ancient sign-writing harnessed to the methods and content of science. A refugee from that planned ill-communication called Nazism, Neurath fled first to The Hague and then to London, but persisted in his work with children to create those simple, lucid, often eloquent charts for education. Hogben, who dedicates this book to Neurath's memory, suggests that as a tool for learning the isotype has all the makings of a universal picture language.

Hogben's passion for making learning easier does not place him on all fours with the progressive educationists. Declaring that "the happiness of

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme. 2. So long lives this, and gives life to thee. 3. Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again. 4. To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit. 5. For thee, and for myself, no quiet find. 6. All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end. 7. The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise. 8. You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes. 9. (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill. 10. Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well. 11. To subjects worse have given admiring praise. 12. That in black ink my love may still shine bright. 13. So is my love still telling what is told. 14. Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book. 15. Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men. 16. The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge. 17. When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent. 18. That all the world besides methinks are dead. 19. I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd. 20. As any she belied with false compare.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the child is not the goal of education in a society confident of its own future," he finds silly that sentimental preoccupation with the self-expression of childhood which neglects those fifty-odd years ahead when disciplined knowledge and tough-mindedness are needed. A British mathematician may well be scandalized by a system whose alumni show so feeble a grasp of the science of numbers as Armed Forces experience has reportedly shown. The sort of training Professor Hogben would substitute is not sketched in detail, but its structure would certainly be firmer and the factual yield higher. Long before the child learns to read and write he would begin life against a background of chart and film and television, which, exploiting to the full his visual curiosity and puzzle-solving instinct, would teach him, now and in the book-reading years, with minimum pain and waste time. That vacuum into which the commercialism of Hollywood and the comic book have moved by default would be annexed for serious learning.

By means of its captions, he suggests, the isotype should foster bilingualism—the child's native tongue plus a world auxiliary language. The latter, not the native speech of any group—since that would lay an unfair handicap upon the others—might be fabricated from the vocabulary, even jargon, of modern science and technology, which already has the elements of a basic idiom known alike in Bangkok and Boston. Stripped of all grammatical principles save word-order, such an idiom (in the proposer's opinion) might powerfully aid "the liquidation of illiteracy as a prelude to the unification of mankind."

It is highly doubtful that a common language would remove the major frictions between peoples, any more than between persons. Men are conditioned to make different responses to the same word. And even in areas of free bilingual culture—for example between the savants of France and Germany for several generations—bitter conflicts can rage. The social imagination, emotional maturity, cultural interchanges, travel, vicarious experience through literature and art, and that much-invoked, little-practised spirit called Christian ethics are still more necessary to *rapport* than a common vocabulary. As the political frame within which understanding between peoples can grow, a United Nations moving steadily toward world federalism seems to be the only answer. A line from W. H. Auden says it all: "We must love one another or die."

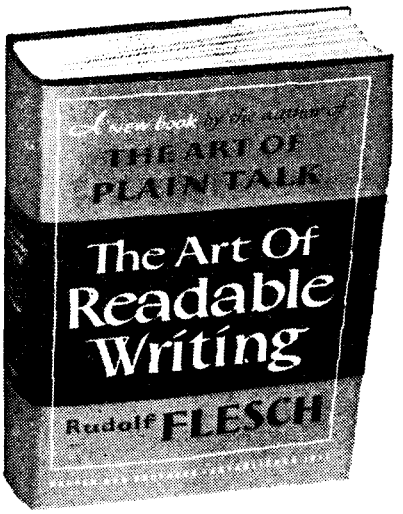
On this point Hogben is in full agreement, but sees two current difficulties. The Western nations are unready to abate sovereignty on the basis of proportional representation while the majority of the world's population is still illiterate—or so newly literate, as among the Soviets, that a Party machine can treat them like illiterates. On the other hand, stressing education as a test for franchise leaves those peoples which an elder British poet called "lesser breeds" suspicious of One World as just another white man's imperium. (In Kipling's day it was rightly observed that the white man's burden consisted principally of loot.) An effective world government must therefore pledge itself both to raise general literacy to new levels and also to recognize the equal rights, dignity, and high potentialities of all races. Hogben proposes that such a world federation create a statutory body able to enforce a program of universal literacy under stated time-limits, while periodically revising the claims to representation of backward

Who Shrinks from Truth

By Dorothy Langley

WHO shrinks from truth will starve at last on lies.
Who scoffs at love rejects the Holy Ghost.
Be not deceived, nor turn away your eyes;
Love is no guest within us, but our host.
The body's brief rejoicing is not power,
The mind's illusory brilliance is not light,
And all men know it in the shuddering hour
Of death, and cannot thrust it out of sight.
Man dies already more than half decayed
And but for love would reek of his prognosis.
Love, which dies with him, falls upon the blade
And dies perfumed and proud like falling roses,
To man's mere carrion still performing well
The office of an angel trapped in hell.

"... the sanest, most practical work on English composition that I can recall seeing."
—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS



▸ "His prescription is recommended to lawyers, clergy, scientists, physicians and business in general."
—*Hartford Times*

▸ "... almost certain to have an influence in improving the readability of newspaper reports, business letters, magazine stories and articles, and in many other forms of prose."
—*San Francisco Call Bulletin*

▸ "I predict a vast decrease in dullness as (this book) makes its way into the world of communication."—HARRY A. OVERSTREET, author of "The Mature Mind."

$3.00 *at your bookstore or from*
HARPER & BROTHERS
49 E. 33rd Street New York 16

Have American Christians backed the wrong side in Palestine?
THIS NEW BOOK BY A DISTINGUISHED CHURCHMAN REVEALS THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR BETRAYAL OF THE ARABS
Palestine is Our Business
By Dr. Millar Burrows
$2.50 at all bookstores, WESTMINSTER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nations as they rise in the educational scale.

This is a sensible idea—too sensible, probably, to win the assent of Soviet nationalism, along with any other scheme that would curb the operation of old-fashioned power politics. Here, as in the United Nations plan for control of atomic energy, the Cominform nations would almost certainly count themselves out, to become increasingly the enemy of the common safety. But not for a moment should this deter us, especially when we realize the eagerness with which most nations would welcome a strong lead from the United States—whether toward abolishing the Security Council veto, implementing atomic energy control, creating a world police backed by all the power in our arsenal and the moral weight which collective action alone can furnish, or planning a global federation grounded upon an increasingly literate and responsible citizenship.

Universal education is surely one of the most important keys to effective world government. Its accent upon this fact makes Hogben's history of communication a useful book. He rightly states that past civilizations have fallen less from external pressure than from failure to grow and meet fresh responsibilities—when their means of communication proved "inadequate to integrate community effort in the advancement of knowledge." For example, the deep and subtle learning of Alexandria became at last the monopoly of an élite out of touch with the world, impotent to make its knowledge felt by enlisting mass opinion and action. Is Western culture approaching the same pass? It is clear that education—whether learning to read, write, and think, or on another plane the scientific and technical information of the so-called Point Four program—must be spread widely and effectively through the world before democratic federation becomes truly possible. We would like to think that this mission is more vitally "the American way" than either sheer individualism or our high living standard—cherished notions which incidentally may have to be pared down somewhat in the process. Henceforth, as the author of "Science for the Citizen" now reflects, "men can be bedfellows in a common grave, or co-partners in a common prosperity which the right use of science now makes possible." As a rational and communicating animal, man now comes up for his final test.

Dixon Wecter is Byrne Professor of American History in the University of California.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

RECORDS WE SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR— FFRR CHECK LIST

For some six months this department has been accumulating an impressive list of English Decca ffrr records ordered but never received. No doubt the hiatus is incidental to the rebirth of this brand under the London label. Lest readers wonder at the oversight, herewith is a preliminary list of likely items. They will be reviewed if and as received. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: "On Wenlock Edge," EDA 67; "An English Song Recital" (Purcell, Arne, Vaughan Williams), Roy Henderson, bar., EDA 70; BRITTEN: "A Ceremony of Carols," EDA 86; MOZART: Piano Concerto #24 in C minor, K. 491 (Kathleen Long), EDA 110; FAURE: Ballade for Piano & Orch. (Kathleen Long), EDA 112; BACH: Brandenburg Concerto #6 (Boyd Neel), EDA 117; GEMINIANI: Concerto Grosso, Op. 2, #2 (Boyd Neel), K 2124; BONONCINI: "Deh piu a me." . . . CACCINI: "Amarilli" (Suzanne Danco), K 2070; SCHUBERT: "Rosamunde" Overture, Op. 26, K 2071; DEBUSSY: "Fêtes Galantes," 2nd series (Gerard Souzay, bar.), K 2171.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, EARLY AND LATE

*SCARLATTI: FOUR SONATAS. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. RCA Victor 49-0476 (7″) and 12-0964 (12″)	Technically similar to the old Scarlatti Society album—I'd give the older job a very slight edge over this in clarity and naturalness. This lacks some sharpness in highs.	The incomparable and unique Landowska brand of Scarlatti, on the proper instrument. Supplements the priceless Society (HMV) album of years back, the best of all her work, I'd say.
*HAYDN: SYMPHONY #73 ("LA CHASSE"). Indianapolis Symph., Sevitsky. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1312 (2)	The newest batch of RCA recordings is of superlative quality—the 45 rpm has evidently spurred a continuing modernization that brings RCA well up to the best elsewhere.	A hard, accurate performance that observes all the indications of the score and is astonishingly ugly. It takes more than accuracy to play Haydn.
*HANDEL: THE TWELVE CONCERTI GROSSI, OP. 6. Busch Chamber Players. (A Busch; E. Druckman; H. Busch, concertino; M. Horszowski, continuo.) Columbia LP: SL 58 (4) (Manual or automatic)	In spite of some erratic playing and typical Busch roughness, this is an all-time monument of recording—these 12 works are a world of music in themselves, good for hours of study and enjoyment. Advantages: (a) correct ensemble—small string orch., concertino (3 solo strings), harpsichord continuo; (b) excellent, highly natural recorded balance with correct give-and-take between small and large groups clearly distinguished; (c) playing avoids "antique" or Wagnerian urges; tempos mostly excellent, manner is unaffected. A maximum of the music gets through. LP transferral is excellent, replaces 25 shellacs with 4 plastics!	
*A BACH PROGRAM (Passacaglia & Fugue in C minor, Tocc. & Fugue in D minor, "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring," Chorale Prelude: "Sleepers Wake") arr. Ormandy, Caillet. Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia LP ML 2058	Usual fulsome Phila. recording, but LP transferral is B grade—the ultra-loud endings (*ne plus ultra*) get out of control, and go buzzy. But could better be done with this awesome noise?	Latest entry in the race to outdo Stokowski, originator of whale-size super-Bach. These mighty tid-bits strain the huge orch. to apoplexy, ring the changes of walrus-teared romance. Bach for beginners, eh?
*HANDEL - HARTY: "ROYAL FIREWORKS MUSIC." Liverpool Philharmonic, Sargent. (With BRITTEN: "Young Person's Guide") Columbia LP ML 4197	The Handel is a fine recording, though overblown, in reverberant style; transferral to LP is good, except for loud endings, which are thick. The Britten LP is excellent; some variation, probably due to 78 rpm originals.	The transcription technique has been more successful with Handel than Bach—Harty's and Beecham's, though anachronistic, are consistently tasteful and musical. This offers a wide-range recording of old Harty job (C X 51), somewhat more swollen. I like the old one.

*Reviewed from slow-speed version.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW EDITIONS

THE Cresset Library, imported from England and published in the United States by the Chanticleer Press of New York City, is one of the most delightful series of reprints that have come my way during many years of critical dealings with such volumes. Physically they must win the approval of readers who like their books to be well designed in all features, including dignified and durable binding, and internally they are packed with good writing of many kinds. Among the ten titles now available ($2.75 each), under the general editorship of John Hayward, there are at least three old favorites that have known many editions: Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selbourne," George Borrow's "The Romany Rye," and "Singular Travels, Campaigns, and Adventures of Baron Munchausen," by R. E. Raspe and others. But in this edition White's masterpiece of pioneer naturalism is enriched by James Fisher's learned notes and introduction, and by Claire Oldham's charming woodcuts, while Borrow's Gypsy classic and Munchausen's marvelous yarns are well introduced by Walter Starkie and John Carswell. The remaining volumes, for the most part not so readily come by in satisfactory editions, are "Brief Lives and Other Selected Writings," by John Aubrey; "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt"; "The Life of George Crabbe," by his son; "The Journeyes of Celia Fiennes"; James Hogg's "The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner"; Sheridan Le Fanu's "Uncle Silas"; and "Dominique," by Eugène Fromentin—all with excellent introductions.

Readers who do not know Aubrey have missed much pleasure. He is a bubbling source of information, misinformation, and entertainment. Some will value him chiefly for his scandalous anecdotes and gossip—for such things as the story of Sir Walter Raleigh and the maid of honor, the account of the interesting sport enjoyed by Sir Philip Sydney's famous sister, and the memoir of Dr. Overall's wife, who "was not more beautiful than she was obliging and kind, and was so tender-hearted that (truly) she could scarce deny anyone"—while others will read him for the light he casts on many famous and less than famous characters, and the glimpses he gives us of a long since vanished way of life. With Leigh Hunt, the tireless journalist and crusader, we are made free of the best English literary society of the early nineteenth century. He was a man who could write of Keats: "The head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull; a singularity which he had in common with Byron and Shelley, whose hats I could not get on." This is indeed seeing a great "plain," and we, who do not have to worry about Hunt's financial troubles and family, can read him with unalloyed satisfaction. "The Life of George Crabbe"—who nowadays is not allowed even "the darkest inch" in many libraries, although he is a versifier of solid merit—is an interesting, judicious, but in no way brilliant biography. Celia Fiennes, born in 1662, granddaughter of the first Viscount of Saye and Sele, takes us up and down the roads and tracks of Restoration England, and through its cities, towns, and villages, in an informal journal which, as Christopher Morris says, has until now been rare and "known almost solely to bibliophiles or to serious students of the social and architectural history" of her period.

When we come to the novels, James Hogg's tops the trio. This minor masterpiece by "the Ettrick Shepherd," first published in 1824, is a highly original, powerful study of religious mania, which steadily increases its grip on the readers' interest, page by page, as the remarkable story unfolds. "Uncle Silas," pioneer psychological thriller, has had its select company of admirers since 1864, and it can still make nerves tingle while it moves towards its climax of murder and escape. Sir Edward Marsh has given us an excellent translation of "Dominique." It is a fine novel, with many virtues and beauties, but I should hesitate to rank it with "Adolphe" and "Bovary," as does the writer of the jacket note.

A recent batch of Pocket Books is a neat demonstration of how the publishers of these popular reprints bracket a widely diversified audience. Included are "Moby Dick" (abridged), Gardner's "Case of the Empty Tin," Hilton's "So Well Remembered," and "Kim."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

EXCITEMENT in the Hitchcock tradition

The SEEKER and the SOUGHT

a novel of mounting suspense by MARIE BAUMER

"Fast-moving and hard-minded . . . with a compassion seldom found in a book of this kind."—N. Y. Times

$2.75 at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

"I am grateful to you for granting me some insight into this fascinating world."—Thomas Mann.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI

by

Paramhansa Yogananda

"'Autobiography of a Yogi' is a fascinating and clearly annotated study of a religious way of life, ingeniously described in the lush style of the Orient."—Newsweek.

$3.50 plus tax—500 pp. 32 pages of unusual photos

SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP

Dept. S, 3880 San Rafael Ave., Los Angeles 31, Calif.

Your Book ms.

If interesting, we can publish and promote it effectively. For free booklet write Dept. D.

VANTAGE PRESS, Inc.

35 So. William St., New York 4

Is Your Life Crowned With Success?

LEXIPOWER

We Think in Words. Thought Is Power.

Let this New Science show you how to WIN WITH WORDS—financially, socially, culturally. Develop a MASTERFUL VOCABULARY. Influence others, improve your personality, manifest your latent ability. You are judged and rated by every sentence you utter. Start using the POWER of LEXIPOWER after the first Lesson. Write NOW for FREE details about LEXIPOWER. Dime-a-Day LESSON CLUB. LEXIPOWER CLUB

517-M. W. Deming Place, Chicago, 14, Illinois

Film Programs Puzzling?

Complete index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in S. R. L.'s "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available. Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to

FILMS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45 Street, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's no Christmas present as flattering as

The Saturday Review

ONE GIFT RECIPIENT abroad has said, "This is to thank you for your delicious Christmas present of the SRL. I love that paper and can't tell you how pleasant and personal a flavor it has. In the friendliest and most disarming way it seems to take a reader right into its circle, and it's the sort of circle that gives out the nicest atmosphere in any country in any period. You feel you're in the company of wise and pleasant people as you read."

An Attractive Gift Card Will Be Sent To All Recipients

Fill out and mail the coupon below—take advantage of SRL's money-saving Xmas rates *TODAY!*

— OFFER GOOD ONLY TO —
— DECEMBER 31, 1949 —

— Order Blank —

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street New York 19, N. Y.

Please send *The Saturday Review* for one year to the following:

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Gift card should read from _____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Gift card should read from _____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Gift card should read from _____

Special *Christmas Gift* Rates

1 One-year subscription..... $6.00
Additional one-year subscriptions $4.00

Your own subscription (new or extension) may be included at these special rates. Add $1 per subscription for Canadian and foreign postage, excluding Pan-America.

MY OWN NAME IS:

Street_____

City_____

State_____

☐ Please include my own subscription
☐ New ☐ Extension
I ENCLOSE $_____ ☐ or bill me

11/5

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

SAVE TO 90%. New Books. Free 24-kt. gold personal name imprinted. Free catalogues. OBERSTEIN, 545 Fifth Ave., NYC.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Fifth Ave., near 12 St., NYC. Visit our going, going, gone department. Book bargains galore at $1.47; 98¢; 68¢; 49¢; 24¢.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

3000 SCARCE BOOKS ON HAND. If the one you want is not on hand, I'll find it for you. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53 B, South Bend, Ind.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

ALFRED NEUMANN: "Es waren ihrer Sechs." Novel. Stockholm 1949. Cloth. Now only $3.75. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller, and Importer. 100 West 72 St., NYC 23. Dept. 22.

REGENCY BOOK SERVICE, P. O. Box 87, Boston 1, Mass. The Personal Service will find the books you want.

FRENCH BOOKS

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON. The French Book House, 791 Lexington Ave., NYC 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 30¢. Books bought.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BACK NUMBERS

THOUSANDS OF TITLES. Geographics a specialty. Immediate quotations. BACK NUMBER WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

BACK NUMBERS MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC. REgent 7-4606.

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian or any of 29 other languages by quick, easy Linguaphone Conversational Method. You learn by listening. Save time, work, money. Another language is a business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 26 RCA Bldg., NYC 20.

CLASSIFIED

BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES BY BROOKSIDE, free folder. Brookside Press, Box 14, Staten Island 14, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Superior work done quickly and reasonably. MURIEL KNAPP, 10 East 40 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 4-6146.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "We Can Publish Your Book," Dept. 111, EXPOSITION PRESS, 251 Fourth Ave., NYC 10.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, collaboration. Wide experience. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Ave., NYC 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

AUTHOR, novels, stories, having herself suffered embarrassments of beginning, gives constructive, honest, sympathetic advice on MSS. Reasonable fee. MARY MAIN, 76 Charles St., NYC 14. ORegon 5-1685.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and non-fiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

LITERARY PROBLEMS? Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "Your Roads to Writing SUCCESS," DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., Dept. SR, NYC 16.

QUALITY MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Rapid, inexpensive. GLADYS & IRENE LEAHEY. Room 2214, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2277.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Publishing experience. Also assistance to foreign authors. Telephone after 6 P.M. NYC, BUtterfield 8-7179.

PATIO HOUSE—Bring your writing problems to Manhattan's NEW CREATIVE CENTER at 225 East 51 St., NYC 22. PLaza 9-6682. Lectures, open forums, consultation, fiction, plays, radio scenarios, research, translations, MS typing.

THEATRICAL LITERARY AGENT: Plays, television scripts, scenarios, novels, talented young writers. FLORA ROBERTS, 457 Madison Ave., NYC.

TYPING, EDITING. Rapid, efficient service. Call: ELIZABETH KAUFMANN, NYC. ATwater 9-8008.

ETHEL WAUGH, literary services, manuscripts, edited, typed, marketed. Hotel Bryant, 54 St., and Broadway, NYC 19. Circle 6-2100.

WRITER-REVIEWER reads, revises, novels, articles. NYC, BUtterfield 8-8619. Box 701-A.

RECORD MART

WRITE FOR FREE bargain lists, albums and singles connoisseur lists, unusual LP records, collector's records. Classical only. Write, or visit store daily till midnight. THE RECORD HUNTER, 1194 Lexington Ave., (81 St.) NYC 28.

RECORD LOVERS—save on all records. Write for details. Box 888-H.

GREAT SINGERS' records available. Write or visit RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 502 East 88 St., NYC 28. REgent 7-7611.

FOR SALE: Stromberg-Carlson 10-watt phonograph amplifier, also accoustical labyrinth cabinet with speaker. J. H. Crawford, 222 White Oak Rd., Fairfield, Conn.

LONG-PLAYING RECORD SPECIALISTS. Complete stock, all makes. Lowest prices—and we pay the freight. Latest releases—Columbia, Capitol, Cetra, London Mecury, etc. Set of catalogues 10¢, refunded on first order. BARROW MUSIC SHOP, Great Neck, N. Y.

HAYDN: Symphonie Concertante for violin, cello, oboe and bassoon (Munch), automatic or manual, $6.50. Casssation in F (Fendler), $5.78. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC 17. CATALOGUE, imported, domestic recordings, 10¢ postpaid.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

YOUNG WOMAN, professional position, interested in books, concerts, lectures, plays, travel, would like to correspond with gentleman. Box 683-A.

COMPETENT EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, female, released by retirement of employer. 20 years' experience magazine publishing, aviation, organized philanthropy, public utilities. Minimum salary $5,000. Available for appointment, NYC, after Nov. 1. Box 684-A.

NEED A QUIET PLACE to write or study? My NYC mid-town apartment is yours 9 - 4 daily for modest rental. Use of typewriter. MUrray Hill 8-0486 evenings.

IDEALISTIC WOMAN, refined, cultured, loves country life, a garden, music, a dog, invites discrminating correspondence from older gentleman. Box 686-A.

SALESMAN, slightly cynical but a real person, invites letter from intelligent, liberal, intellectual Miss. Box 687-A.

PLANNING A TRIP? Take good weather along. Seasonal climate information prepared for your itinerary. CLIMATIC CONSULTING, 1321 Lincoln, Denver, Colo.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, intellectual, informed, interesting, but lonely, hopes girl, same type, reads this ad and answers. Box 689-A.

YOUNG, sincere, princely Indian, newly arrived, exchange correspondence. Box 690-A.

APPRECIATIVE YOUNG MALE enjoys correspondence with poetic spirits. Box 666-A.

CAN'T STAND CITY? Rent beautifully equipped 8-room house, 60 miles from Boston, direct trains NYC. $200 month. Thaxter, Kittery, Me.

SUFFER from walking baby and Brooklyn. Apartment Manhattan? Am going crazy out here. BUckminster 7-4871, Calder Willingham.

EVEN a very distinguished grandmother found OF DUST AND STARS, mimeographed, "outspoken and stirring." $2. Vernon Ward, Ransomville, N. C.

YOUNG WRITER-MUSIC DIRECTOR would appreciate hearing from spirited, congenial female, partial to life, nature, the arts, and Thomas Wolfe. Box 657-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, intelligent, attractive, experienced secretary, business, diplomatic and social, desires unusual position. Box 660-A.

PERSON wanted to back young man in humanitarian venture in India. Why not investigate? Box 661-A.

CHARMING SECLUDED COTTAGE on estate, overlooking Hudson. Nov. to June 1, $50, 1 or 2 adults. Box 378, Montrose, N. Y.

I AM LOOKING for a cultured, professional lady to share my charming hotel apartment. Own room, off Central Park West, NYC. Box 663-A.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY ESTATE, Westchester, can accomodate few paying guests. Special rates, long stay. Telephone: NYC, WHitehall 3-7707, business hours.

GIRLS! Learn the easy way out of the "white collar zoo." Read GOOD JOBS FOR GOOD GIRLS. . . how to renounce wage slavery and get a good man to work for you . . . by HARFORD POWEL. Illustrated by JOHN GROTH. $2.50 at all bookstores. VANGUARD PRESS.

MODERNIZED COTTAGE RETREAT. Adults nearby Connecticut. Moderate rent. Box 672-A.

WOULD YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE, cultured, highly responsible, share my beautiful and comfortable home in Vermont for winter months? Personal expenses only. Ideal for writers. Box 673-A.

WILL FRENCH-BORN or female Francophile knowing French, correspond with fairly young man, varied interests, eager to learn language quickly. Box 676-A.

HIGH VIEW SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAINS. For rent or sale physician's country home, ideal for artist or convalescent seeking quiet and rest; 67 miles G. W. Bridge; 9 miles Middletown, altitude 1,500. Large living room, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 toilets, oil heat. Attractive furnishings, superb view. Owner: NYC. RHinelander 4-1150 or Box 675-A.

WOULD LIKE TO HEAR from man who has understanding or is acquiring it. Box 678-A.

PEDIGREED FRENCH POODLE PUPPIES. Browns and blacks, both sexes. Prices very reasonable. Box 679-A.

PHYSICIAN, mature, interested in quiet life, invites female correspondence. Box 680-A.

SUNDAY ARTIST, female, would enjoy hearing from other awful artists. Box 682-A.

PERSONALS

BOOKSTORE, wish to purchase in or near NYC. Box 613-A.

DR. KILTON STEWART lectures on various phases of magico-religious ceremonies in primitive societies. Wednesdays, 8:30, Sundays, 4:00, 31 Park Ave., NYC. LExington 2-8042.

STRUGGLING YOUNG PHYSICIAN urgently needs private loan of $2,500 to straighten family affairs. Box 596-A.

PUN-FUN, new word game for literati and knuckleheads. $1, postpaid. John Schealer, Boyertown, Pa.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS? Speak French in 12 lessons. Also advanced. Parisian, NYC. VAnderbilt 6-2550.

HIGH SCHOOL MARM will swap brainwaves with male correspondent. Interested in anything relating to the Human Comedy. Box 919-H.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed, Any matter, person, problem anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (3 nights); Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, $20.50; Sitting room, bedroom and bath, $26.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

MILLINERY—your pet hat — reblocked — remodeled. Ready-made—chic originals. RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC. ORegon 5-2598.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe, Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44 St.) NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

A RARE DELIGHT FOR TEA DRINKERS! Famous Swee Touch Nee Tea in the familiar Red and Gold Treasure Chest. Rich in flavor . . . superb tea goodness. Loose—$1.50 per lb , tea bags, $1.50 per hundred. Postage prepaid. Box 407-A.

UNUSUAL CATALOGUES at irregular intervals sent free on request. Specify your interest. Our business is your pleasure. The largest stock of second-hand and out-of-print books on the Pacific coast. History, Literature, Biography, Arts, Foreign Languages, Sets, Rarities, Travel and many other subjects. Famous people are astonished when they see the good books we have. Infamous people are also astonished. H. H. EVANS, Books, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

WINTER RESIDENCE FOR CHILDREN under 12. Tutoring, sports, music. Principal, The Ark, Southern Pines, N. C.

SEA CAPTAIN offers to share some superb and rare recipes from Java, Falkland Islands, France, Tasmania, England, Greece, Australia, India and Scotland. Simple directions, perfect results. Copies, $1 postpaid. (No stamps please.) Box 581-A.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE, age 50, widower, sober, industrious, tired office confinement, seeks position, chauffeur, companion, gardener, cook. Go anywhere. Box 582-A.

URGENTLY REQUIRE $1,500. Honestly only collateral. Box 572-A.

NEW WRITERS cordially invited to join others in fiction workshop under honest creative direction published author. Box 563-A.

WRITER with one nationally distributed book to credit, but presently in poor health, wishes to undertake limited and designated writing assignments in his special field: Nature subects, scenic descriptions and background characterizations. Welcomes correspondence. Box 287-A.

BRITISH MAGAZINES, newspapers and technical jurnals. "Direct from London to your address." Write for our new catalogue listing over 1000 British periodicals, priced in American Currency. BRITISH PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 150 East 35 St., NYC 16.

LADY HARPIST wishes 1- or 2-bedroom studio apartment furnished, midtown, village, Gramercy Park, NYC. Gracious living of peanut prices. Box 398-A.

"I THINK THAT ACTUAL LIFE SUPPLIES A WRITER WITH CHARACTERS MUCH LESS THAN IS THOUGHT." Somerset Maugham expands on this challenging idea in THE WRITER ON HIS ART. Many other writers . . . all of them acknowledged as great . . . tell you how they create their masterpieces in THE WRITER ON HIS ART, edited by Walter Allen. Turn to the finest minds for the key to "successful" writing. THE WRITER ON HIS ART is a must for all writers and would-be writers. $3.50. For your copy write WHITTLESEY HOUSE, Box 531-A.

PERSONALS

IF YOU ARE a mature woman, then will you write to a rather mature man? Box 698-A.

WANT YOUR XMAS SHOPPING done in NYC? Let me do it for you. Bix 697-A.

WOULD INTELLIGENT, successful, preferably generous employer correspond with versatile, creative, highly recommended newspaperwoman (early 30's)? Metropolitan newspapers, magazine experience, war correspondent, onetime copywriter. Will write, report, copyedit, research, type, etc., full-time or less. Box 699-A.

VASSAR WOMAN, retired graduate nurse, desires position—companion to lady. Speaks French and Italian. Will travel. Box 700-A.

PUBLISHING HOUSE needs part-time readers working at home to select humorous and inspirational anecdotes and similar literary material from books and periodicals. In your reply indicate what qualifies you for job. Box 704-A.

USE OF DIGNIFIED 5th Ave office for mailing, telephoning service only. Grand Central area. Box 703-A.

PIANO TEACHER desires a few adult pupils, beginners to advanced. NYC, TRafalgar 3-3486, evenings and week-ends.

FOR XMAS give colorful, all wool, plaid JAC-SHIRTS. Zipper fronts. State predominant color desired. Men's (small, medium, large) $7.50. Boys' (sizes 6 to 18) $6. Money-back guarantee. NORTHCO, Box 670-A.

YOUNG MALE, A.B., veteran, bright but inexperienced, seeks magazine, publishing or other editorial position, reporting excepted. Box 671-A.

WRITERS' MARKET CHARTS. Guaranteed fresh. Short-shorts, fillers, verse; 50¢ each chart, all 3, $1. CARLSON WADE, 516 Fifth Ave., NYC 17.

YOUNG MAN interested in literature, music, writing, people, will enter college, would welcome correspondence with anyone of similar interests. Box 692-A.

GIRL FRIDAY WANTED: 23-33, interesting, typist, work with owner 2 small art schools and art shop and gallery. Salary very good. Write fully with small photo. Box 691-A.

JOB WANTED: Public relations and magazine editing background. Intelligent young woman, adaptable, wants interesting, challenging work anywhere. Box 693-A.

MATURE WOMAN, teacher, writer, loves nature and rural life, will exchange letters with gentlemen having middle-aged life point of view. Box 694-A.

IMPECUNIOUS WRITER, wife, need cheap flat, NYC. References. Box 695-A

GENTLEMAN, good background and appearance, middle-aged, desires position as secretary, companion. Willing to travel anytime, anywhere. Box 696-A.

YOUNG WRITER wanted for part-time office work 10 A.M. daily in exchange for studying with internationally known teacher, dramatist. EGRI SCHOOL OF WRITING, 2 Columbus Circle, NYC. CIrcle 6-6121.

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. Glorious winter vacationland. Finest skiing, skating. Restful. Folder.

HARBOR HILL, Cold-Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y. Beauty, peace, comfort. Good food, good talk.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. Superlative food. Crow-bar.

ALENCIA HOTEL. Enjoy Old World charm in America's oldest city. Sunny porches. High-class clientele. American-European plans. Write for folder. St. Augustine, Fla.

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 815

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. A student in the first year of a German university (German).

B. A kind of apple.

C. Primitive Roman god of the world of the dead (Rom. myth.).

D. Persons or things taken just as they come, without special selection (4 wds.).

E. English caricaturist on *Punch*, 1841-64.

F. Attribute of State of Florida.

G. An enthusiastic, experimental agriculturist in Scott's "The Pirate."

H. Novel by Thomas Hardy, 1882.

I. Mountain peak near Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks, 4,918 ft. high.

J. Made destitute of reality or substance.

K. A principal river in Hades (Gr. myth.).

L. Obsolete; no longer useful.

M. One of a group who took part in orgies of midnight assembly (medieval demonology).

WORDS

29 57 36 18 125

13 49 79 101 17 86 107 145

97 92 168 140 58

153 175 65 143 27 43 90 2 34 124 80 16

7 19 9 46 123

28 10 91 126 117 23 162 32 150

103 114 59 110 152 76 131 83 40

81 1 30 21 139 5 67 75 44 73 12

82 47 185 3 71 14 133 158

176 98 74 119 146 89 161

87 72 102 45 66 11 95 118 120 178

135 171 182 108 56 78 157

20 180 104 134 96

DEFINITIONS

N. Wife of Orpheus (Gr. myth.).

O. Early 19th-century "Society" in Ireland, originally against the Orangemen.

P. Imparts gradually.

Q. Any man of great wealth.

R. Aztec sun god, worshiped with human sacrifice.

S Strong yellowish leaf fiber, chief source of binder twine (Yucatan).

T. Goddess of discord (Gr. myth.).

U Son of Helios (classic myth.).

V. Of wool, overdelicate or oversoft.

W. Scraps; bits.

X. Russian poet (1799-1837; author of poem on which is based the opera "Russlan and Ludmilla").

Y. English landscape painter and nonsense poet (1812-88).

Z. Ardor; dash (Fr.; poetic).

WORDS

93 129 184 60 24 159 39 154

31 138 41 165 50 147

53 8 61 137 173 88 6 25

51 38 130 183 149

112 35 48 164 142 109 42 105

113 148 70 85 174 106 166 136

141 37 132 181

84 179 94 99 62 4 169 160

127 151 121 64 155 116 172 26 52 33

100 63 122 144

128 55 163 68 15 177 170

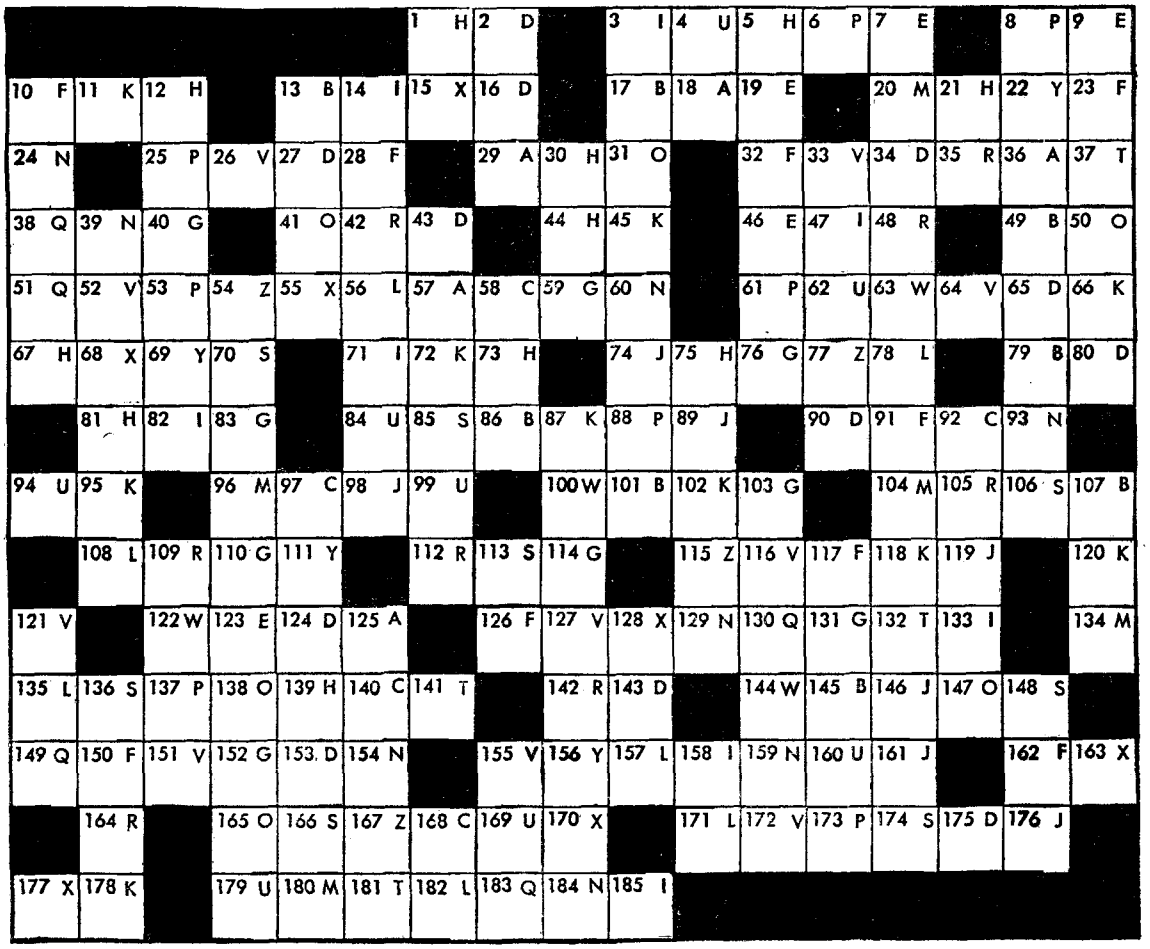
111 69 156 22

77 115 167 54

DIRECTIONS

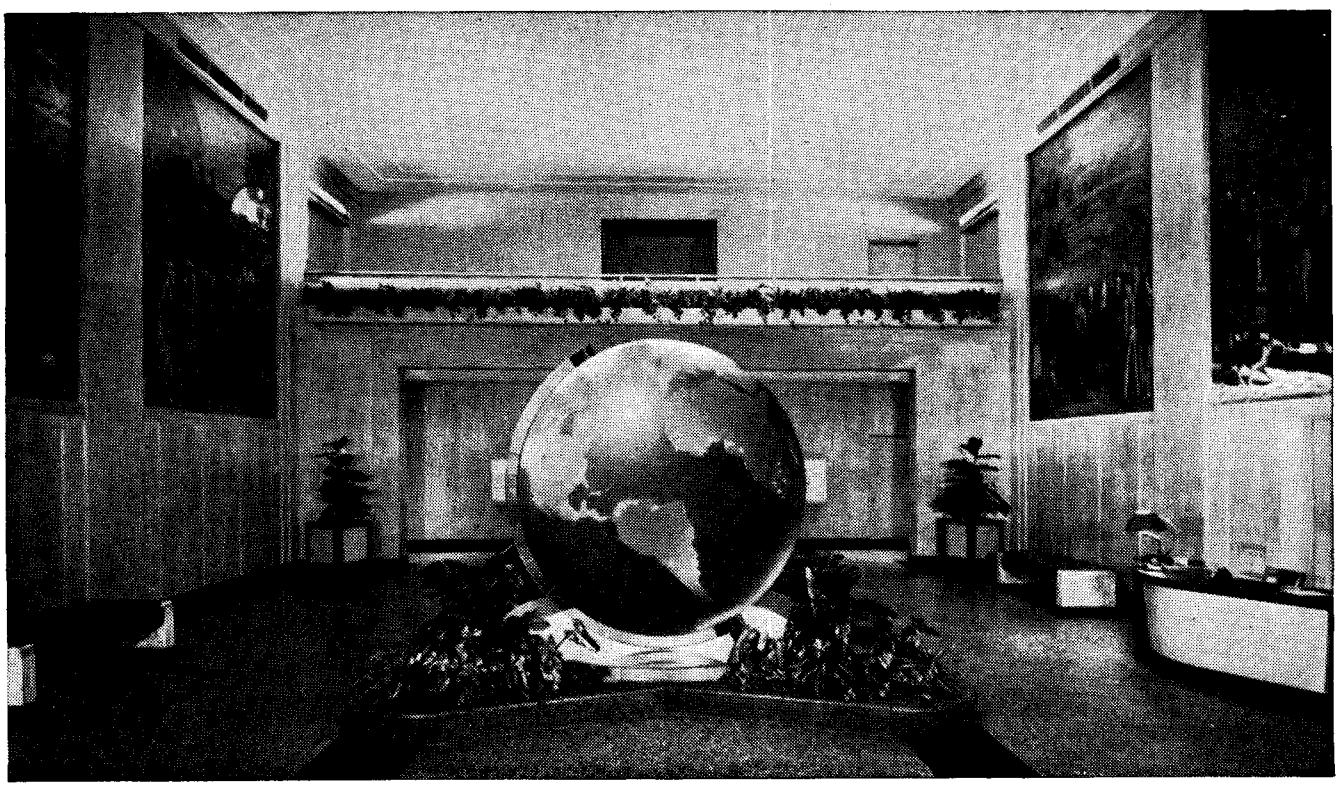
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LOBBY—LEVER HOUSE

Lever Brothers Company

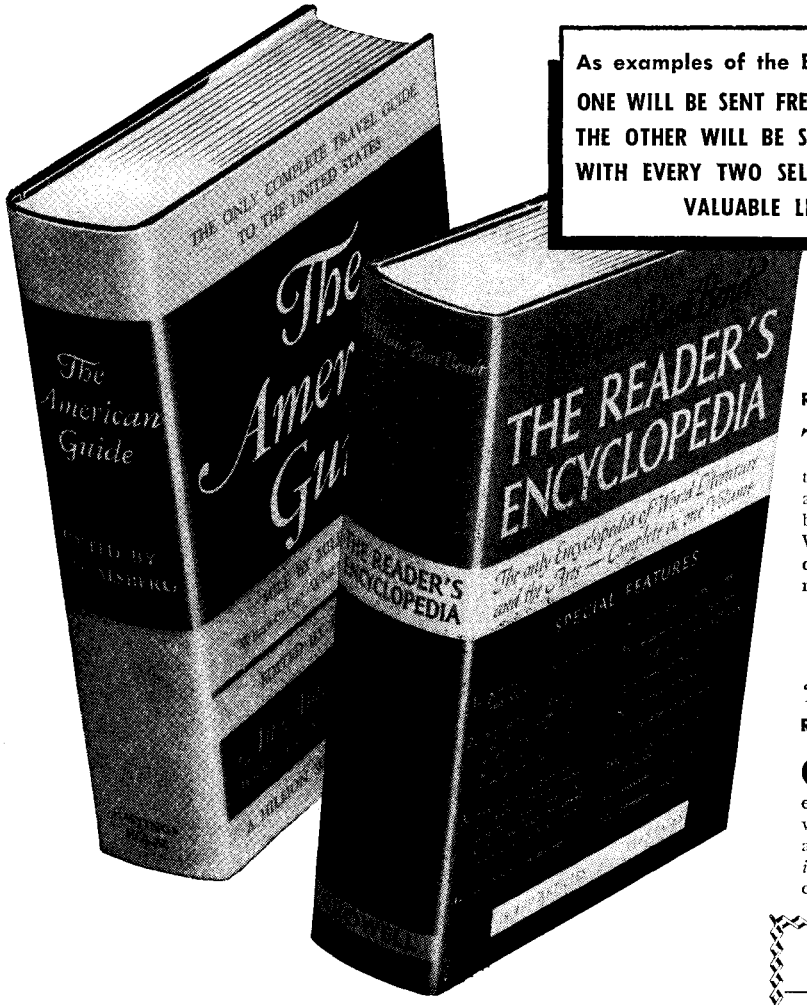
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

Makers of fine products

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you join the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB **now** ... *You will receive*

Both OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE BOOKS Free



As examples of the Book-Dividends members regularly receive . . .
ONE WILL BE SENT FREE WITH THE FIRST BOOK YOU BUY AS A MEMBER. THE OTHER WILL BE SENT WITH YOUR THIRD BOOK; AND THEREAFTER, WITH EVERY TWO SELECTIONS YOU BUY, YOU WILL RECEIVE ANOTHER VALUABLE LIBRARY VOLUME AS A BOOK-DIVIDEND.

THE Reader's Encyclopedia

Edited by William Rose Benét

RETAIL PRICE $6.00 • 1242 PAGES • 18,499 ARTICLES

THIS invaluable work answers instantly the thousands of questions that arise in your reading and conversation . . . the who, what, when, where in world literature and all the arts. Ten years were spent in its preparation by a staff of research workers under the direction of William Rose Benét. Thomas Mann said: "One might well call it the reference work of the intelligentsia," which is representative of all other critical comment.

THE American Guide

The Only *Complete Guide to the United States*

RETAIL PRICE $7.50 • 1376 PAGES • 40 PAGES OF MAPS

ONE of the great publishing ventures of this generation, over 100,000 points of interest are described — every outstanding historic, scenic, cultural fact you would want to know about. Transcontinental tours are laid out, and literally hundreds of side trips — *to every point of interest within each region.* It will help you plan and enjoy your trips, know your country.

MEMBERSHIP MEANS YOU MAY BUY AS FEW AS FOUR BOOKS A YEAR

These are the simple facts demonstrated to you here—facts which every book-reading family should know:

1. The five judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club frequently make double selections — two good books which you may buy, if you wish, *usually at little more than the price of one*—a direct money saving, important in these days of high prices.

2. With every two selections you buy after your first purchase (a double-choice is counted as a single purchase) you receive one of the Club's Book-Dividends, like *The American Guide* and *The Reader's Encyclopedia.*

3. More often than not, the Club's choices are books you fully intend to buy, and then neglect to. The Club's unique system—acting always as a reminder of your own good intentions —thus effectually *insures you against missing* the particular new books you are anxious to read. This appeals to many busy persons even more than the marked saving.

4. The long quarter-century record shows that most Book-of-the-Month Club selections are important new books *you buy anyway* (when you don't forget to). Why not buy just these books from the Club itself—usually pay less for them — and then share in the very valuable Book-Dividends Club members earn by their purchases.

Remember always, you need buy only the selections you are sure you want; you are allowed, as a member, *to buy as few as four a year, if you wish.*

Hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now use this sensible service. We suggest you try it for a short time, and see how advantageous it is in every way.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY ONE OF THE GOOD BOOKS LISTED IN THE COUPON

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. N 2511
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club*. I am to receive, free, the valuable reference book indicated below with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and the other valuable reference book described on this page with the purchase of my third book. Thereafter for every two monthly selections — or Special Members' Editions — I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my membership any time after buying four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST FREE BOOK PLEASE SEND ME:

(Choose one of the reference books described above)

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

Double Selections

- ☐ FATHER OF THE BRIDE by Ed Streeter *and* CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN by F. Gilbreth & E. G. Carey — *Comb. price (to members only) $3.50*
- ☐ NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR by George Orwell *and* BEHIND THE CURTAIN by John Gunther — *Comb. price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ POINT OF NO RETURN by John Marquand *($3.50)*
- ☐ THIS I REMEMBER by Eleanor Roosevelt — *Price (members only) $3.75*
- ☐ THE EGYPTIAN by Mika Waltari — *Price (members only) $3.35*

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade Mark of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED